SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 114,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887. NUMBER 40.

Poetry.

A SEA SIDE FLIRTATION.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

With sorrow in her eyes of blue,
With trembling hands she slowly penned it—
The little parting billet doux
That conscience told her now should end it.
These tete-a-tetes along the shore,
Those gypsyings with fern-filled basket,
Must join the dear delights of yore
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's:
He told his passion in his glances.
She sealed her note with scented wax,
But could not drown her dismal fancies.
When he should read his suit denied,
So long the theme of idle gazers,
She pictured him a suicide,
And shuddered at the thought of razors!

At last she slept—but not till dawn
Had bloscomed through the ocean vapors.
Jack conned her missive with a yawn
When he had read the morning papers.
He gave his beard a languid twirl
And murmured as he sat a-smoking:
"Tear-stained—by Jove!—poor little girl—
I thought she knew I was a-joking!"

PRACTICAL COURTSHIP.

You say you love me. Maybe so—
I would not doubt your word;
But others before now, you know,
Have such sweet love vows heard
Who are not loved, now, as wives would
Be loved by those they wed.
You say you love me. Very good—
But will you like my bread?

You say you love me. You must know
Your words are sweet to hear;
Like tender music, soft and low,
They charm my willing ear.
But if you would win all my heart,
Possess my very soul—
Promise to do a husband's part—
Swear you'll bring up the coal!

You say you love me. And you ask
If I could love you too.
I own 'twill be an easy task
If only you are true.
This, this alone I stipulate,
'Tis all my heart's desire;
That I may sleep, till half-past eight,
And you shall build the fire.
—*Somerville Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

A MILLIONAIRE.

BY RICHARD H. ROE.

Amasa Snow sat in his little office, his feet on the top rim of his stove, and his stove full of wood, and red hot. His office was about a rod from the house, and quite near the wooden gate leading into the village street. Over the door one read, "Prothonotary and Attorney-at-law." It was a huge, faded sign in black letters; one could not go by Amasa Snow's office and not know of the business of its occupant. The trouble with the office was it was not alluring enough. Squire Slayton, down the street, with a very small sign and over a grocery store, and without a big wide house, a family name and connection—Squire Slayton somehow got all the business there was going in East Chesterville.

Amasa Snow sat tilted back in his wood arm chair, gazing at his long chin beard, and counting the few gray hairs in his sloping gray head, and trying to conjure up some new scheme by which he could beat Slayton again, and defer the foreclosure sale. He had deferred it five times on one excuse and another; but Slayton had him this time; there was no help for it. The old place would have to be sold—the old place where his boyhood had been passed until he went away to college, and where he had lived ever since, and seen his girls grow up about him. His six girls!

He reached down and broke a splinter off a bit of pine wood by the stove, and began to chew hard on it. What would become of the girls? Every one a beauty in his eyes, every one worthy of marrying the governor of the state. How could he tell them that the sale of their old home could be postponed no longer; that every device and trick and every legal quibble, had been tried and tried again? He dared not tell the girls. He looked out of the window; it was raining. An April shower, to be sure, with a prospect of a golden sunset later on, but making everything outside under the trees look very muddy and dismal. Amasa Snow felt very much depressed.

What was to be done? He had borrowed from every one in the town. He could borrow no longer. If the old place were sold at twice its value it would not pay his debts. He had lived well, and his six motherless girls had never known how poor he was. "O," he groaned, as he rose and stood with his back to that hot stove—"O, how can I get on my feet?"

There was his law library—a couple of thousand dingy old volumes, not kept up to date, the inheritance from the judge, his father, but even the law books were 'chatteled,' as they say, i. e., mortgaged quite beyond their value. Everything he had, in fact, was mortgaged. He had come this wet April day to the end of his rope. Next week came the sheriff. He felt like saying—the deluge. He had not enough money to take him and his family out West.

That was his plan—to go West. He hardly felt his fifty years. He felt young and energetic when he thought of the west. By the way, there was his brother, Elisha—his brother who in his youth was so like him. He was West, in California. He had not seen him for twenty years. The last he had heard from him was a request to send on a hundred dollars. That was five years ago. He had sent him fifty, and nothing had been heard since, except his name endorsed across the back of the check, showing that he had received the money.

No, it was clear that Elisha could never help him. Elisha had caused him to lose several thousand dollars once in a mine. Elisha's name was always a great bugbear in his family since. No, Elisha could not be expected to help him. Stay! An idea. Amasa Snow began to poke the red-hot fire vigorously. It was a last hope, but it fired him with enthusiasm. He reached up into a dusty pigeon-hole and got down a file of letters. He was looking for Elisha's address.

Just then there came a tap at the office door. Amasa turned around. "By thunder!" he cried, nearly carried off his feet with astonishment. "It's Elisha—in propria persona!"

"I have come home," said Elisha, meekly. "I have come—to neighbor round."

"And just in the nick of time, Elisha. Mighty glad I am to see you!" Then a thought occurred to him, as he shook his brother's hand, with that feeble wave in the air so common in southern Connecticut. He would not tell Elisha of his financial condition. He might not help him if he did. No, he would keep his own counsel.

The two brothers sat down by the stove, and Amasa threw another stick of soft pine wood on the fire. It was frightfully hot. "See here, Elisha," he said, after a pause. "How's the Grand American Eagle a-doin'?"

"She isn't a doin'.

"Nothin' at all?"

"No; hasn't been for ten years."

"It was a splendid mine once, Elisha. You used to say so."

"So it was. But we struck hard-pan—you remember about it. What's the use of rakin' over old personalities at this time, when I ought to be received with open arms, and a bonfire be lighted and fireworks touched off?"

"I know, I know," replied Amasa, apologetically. "I ought to ask how you have happened on East this way."

"Why, yes, you ought to show some brotherly feeling. It's natural."

"Well, Elisha, have you any ready money in your pockets?"

"A thousand dollars."

Amasa walked over to his old rusty safe. "Better put the money in here?" he asked, casually. Elisha handed him a roll of bills. "Don't feel like pavin' back any of that two thousand?" asked Amasa, facetiously, referring to the loan he had made in the mining scheme.

"No," said Elisha, "I don't." After a pause, while his brother locked the safe, he said, "That thousand is the last cent I've got in the world."

"Glad you've come home. Glad you've come to live with me," said Amasa, rubbing his hands. "The girls will be so happy to see you. Come, let's go in the house."

He slipped an old well-worn overcoat over his shoulders without buttoning it, and they went out into the rain. Elisha was very well dressed. Any one would have taken him for a well-to-do western bank president. He look sleek and well fed. There wasn't a trace of anxiety about his face. Otherwise the brothers looked very much alike.

As they were crossing the threshold of the house, Amasa whispered, "Just tell the girls you're a millionaire; for a joke, you know."

Elisha winked. "Yes," he said, "for a joke—wish I was, though," and they entered the parlor. There were the six girls; six good-looking, hearty, frank, healthy country girls. They all rose, and gave a veritable shout of welcome. They usually gave a united shout whenever anything pleased them. They fairly screamed when Elisha opened the door. They flew at him. They kissed him. They took his hat for him; they took away his overcoat and umbrella. And how they were impressed when their father said, proudly, "And then to think that your uncle has returned to us a millionaire!"

"A millionaire!—really?" chorused the girls.

Elisha began to feel his old bonstful spirit, for which he had long been noted, coming over him again. "Why," he said, "out in California we don't reckon a million much money. All my friends are worth over a million. My five million dollars don't count much out there."

"Elisha says he is going to build a public library building for East Chesterville," put in Amasa, without a grimace.

"A public library!" chorus the girls.

"He says he don't mind paying off the debt on the church either," added their prevaricator of a father.

"How perfectly splendid!"

"No one would have thought the Grand American Spread-eagle mine would have panned out so well," said Amasa.

By this time the six girls were dancing around the room in their excitement. They had not been excited since John Mawley, the son of Mawley the mill-owner at the other end of the village, had become engaged to Bessie Snow, their eldest sister—said Mawley having concluded on the consent and advice of his father, to break off said engagement, after knowledge of Lawyer Snow's financial condition came out and became common gossip.

"Elisha says the Sunday school shall have a new organ if it takes his last cent," said their father, laughing heartily. He could not hold himself in.

"Well," said Elisha, "not quite as bad as that. But they shall have a new melodeon—yes."

This capped the climax. The Sunday school had been holding picnics, strawberry festivals, ice-cream festivals, lectures, busy bees, and I don't know what else besides—in which these six girls had taken a lively interest—to raise money enough for an organ; but, do their best, they could raise only about fifty dollars. They threw themselves upon their uncle, and as there was not quite enough of him to go around, they threw themselves upon their father. It was quite a touching scene. Two of the girls were in tears and one of them was heard to say, "Our deliverer!"

And there in the midst stood the two old hypocrites, laughing as heartily as the rest—only—only in Amasa Snow's eyes there glistened some real tears. Poor man! how he wished it was all true! For he loved his girls beyond everything on earth, and their happiness and joy unnerved him for his little scheme. If it should fail, how should he dare look them in the face again?

Suddenly Bessie looked up. "It's late," she said—"it's dreadful late for the sewing society!"

"When they were alone Elisha said: "You've done it!—you've gone and done it! In five minutes every word of what we've said will be all over this village. Yes, and all the state of Connecticut. I say, Amasa, this isn't right!"

"Why? Don't you have any fears. Suppose they do tell of your millions; it will give you credit."

"Ah, yes, yes! but they will be after me for an organ, money." Elisha straightened himself up very stiffly, and buttoned his coat over his chest very firmly, as if to impress on his brother the fact that he wouldn't let them have a cent—not one cent—if they did.

"Well, don't say it isn't so, any way," whispered Amasa, and led Elisha to his room, where the long and good philanthropist and millionaire lay down upon a sofa and took a comfortable nap.

For a week East Chesterville was in a condition of ferment. The resurrection of Elisha Snow in the form of a millionaire, after having departed twenty years before with a reputation for unprofitable laziness, and an ability only remarkable for imbibing hard cider, was enough to shake the entire county to its center. Then his magnificent bequests—the town library building, the new organ, raising the minister's salary, proposing to establish a Home for incurable idiots—for poor Elisha found no end to the stupendous thing when he had once begun, and his plan to build a new gymnasium, skating rink, winter bath, all combined, for the young people, made him at once the idol of the town.

Mawley, the mill-owner, met Amasa one day in the street. "See here," he said, "I've told Slayton to let up on you. You and I were always old friends. Drop up the interest on that mortgage any time you please. By the way, I'm tired of Slayton. He hounded you, when you were down, in a darned mean way. I'm sick of Slayton. I'll send you round a retainer to-morrow of five hundred dollars in a case I've got against some Providence people. Big case—big money in it. How's your brother? He's pretty well, I hope? Those California magnates are all coming East, I hear. Think your brother would like to put any money in my mill? A big chance now. I don't need the money, but it don't pay to keep all your eggs in one basket. How's Bessie? Good morning."

Mr. Mawley, one moment. You don't let up on Slayton, and send me this lawsuit because Elisha is a millionaire, do you?"

"O, no, no, no! My dear fellow, no, no! Why, what an idea! By-the-way, I never favored the breaking off of that match—my son and Bessie. Good-day."

Amasa Snow got round behind the fence, and laughed and shook until the entire fence laughed and shook with him. His little scheme was working well. One needs very little capital in this world if one can only obtain its substitute—credit. That week and the next he had retainers sent in from several wealthy proprietors in a neighboring manufacturing town. He had the foreclosure suit discontinued, paid Mawley his interest, got his mortgage extended indefinitely. What is more, his creditors picked up so that he paid a large sum on account all around among the creditors. They all said, "Elisha is doing it for him." He painted and refurnished the old Snow house. He ran slightly into debt in doing it, but his girls had some new clothes sent them from New York. He donned a new suit of broadcloth—and—he was happy. He was on his feet. Slayton was effectually nonplussed. In vain the wily practitioner went about spreading doubts as to Elisha's having any money whatever. "Why don't he buy that organ?" he kept saying, until people began to wonder why indeed.

As soon as the rumor spread about that Elisha was childless, and that he intended leaving his money in equal shares to his six nieces, they were all literally like hot cakes. Mawley, junior, who really loved the girl, married Bessie, and then they were all married off in batches of two, until the youngest refused to marry at all, saying, with her finger at her lip, "she preferred to stay with her father."

In one year all this happened. Amasa Snow was now a successful man—his debts paid and his practice increasing. One day the rumor reached him—Why had not Elisha paid for the organ?

He went to Elisha. "It's time," said he, "for you to disappear."

"I'm very contented here," protested Elisha, "reading the newspapers and sitting in the hotel. It agrees with me. I don't want to disappear."

He liked the adulation extended to him on the ground that he was a millionaire. He played the easy, well fed, rich plutocrat revisiting his New England home to perfection, and his acting was consummate, because it was nature itself, without a mirror being held up to it. He had just that amount of narrowness, of close-fistedness, of sagacious doubt as to the motives of men who approached him with schemes for investment, he acted the millionaire to perfection, and he never over-did it.

"Amasa, I can't go," he said. "They think I'm such a good man to make money. They have actually brought money to me to make more for them. Yes, I've received over $50,000 for investment within the last month."

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Amasa. "This is dreadful! I see state prison yawning before us."

"It's just what the Grand American Spread Eagle mine needs," said Elisha, swelling himself out, "a little money."

"Well, take the money and go, then—go! I will have nothing to do with this—nothing!"

Amasa was very angry. He resolved to be responsible for his brother no longer. He went to his daughters, all but one now married and in happy, well-to-do homes. "Your uncle and I have had a row," he said. "He is going back to California."

"And the organ, the new library, the gymnasium?"

"Well, he is mad about something. He says the town has slighted him. But one thing must be understood, whatever he does, I wash my hands of him forever!"

Elisha did leave a few days after. He took away about a hundred thousand dollars of widows' and orphans' funds, went to San Francisco, put his money into various enterprises, paid the beneficiaries 8 per cent. interest, was honest as the city, and died a few years ago worth a great of money, which he left, share and share alike, to his brother's six girls, and he left a thousand dollars for the new organ.

Amasa still lives—a fairly well-to-do old country lawyer—slightly in debt still, in East Chesterville. But he is the adored grandpapa of twelve of the dearest little grandchildren, and he often says to them benignly, "Children, I have put you all—and myself—on our feet. Yes, but I had to tell your mothers an awful lie!"

"What was the lie, grandpopper?"

"I had to say the laziest man alive—your grand-uncle, children—I had to say the penniless old rascal—your grandfather's brother, my dears, who had robbed me of all I had in one of his confounded mines, the Great American Spread-eagle Gold and Silver—I had to say, and stan' to it, that he was one of the biggest millionaires on the Pacific coast! But that lie has put us all on our feet!"

THERE, DON'T ASK US AGAIN.

Frank Mayo was born at Boston in 1839.

Nell Burgess was born at Boston in 1846.

Emma Abbott was born at Peoria in 1851.

J. K. Emmet was born at St. Louis in 1841.

Annie Louise Cary was born in Maine in 1842.

Effie Ellsler was born at Philadelphia in 1858.

Rose Eytinge was born at Philadelphia in 1835.

Wm. J. Florence was born at Albany in 1831.

Clara Morris was born at Cleveland, O., in 1850.

Minnie Hauk was born at New Orleans in 1856.

Kate Claxton was born at New York in 1848.

Campanini was born at Parma, Italy, in 1846.

Milton Nobles was born at Cincinnati in 1847.

Maggie Mitchell was born at New York in 1832.

Fanny Davenport was born at London in 1850.

Maude Granger was born in Connecticut in 1846.

Charles W. Couldock was born at London in 1815.

Rose Coghlan was born at Peterboro, Eng., in 1853.

Etelka Gerster was born at Kassa, Hungary, in 1855.

Lillie Langtry was born at St. Helens, Jersey, in 1850.

Frank Chanfrau was born at New York in February, 1824.

Steele Mackaye was born at Buffalo in December, 1843.

Christine Nilsson was born at Hussaly, Sweden, in 1843.

Margaret Mather was born near Toronto in October, 1859.

Charlotta Crabtree (Lotta) was born at New York, in 1847.

Clara Louise Kellogg was born at Sumterville, S. C., in 1842.

Lawrence Barrett was born at Paterson, N. J., in April, 1838.

John Lester Wallack was born at New York in January, 1819.

McKee Rankin was born at Sandwich, Ont., in February, 1844.

William Warren, jr., was born at Philadelphia, in November, 1812.

Edwin Booth was born at Belair, near Baltimore, in November, 1833.

Joseph Jefferson (the third) was born at Philadelphia, in February, 1829.

How to Promote Temperance.

We have constantly maintained that the way to promote the cause of temperance is by social rather than by political methods. In our opinion, so long as social usage not only tolerates but favors the consumption of intoxicating drinks, it is utterly useless to prevent their use by means of legal statutes. To secure a genuine reform it is necessary to strike at the root of the evil, and public opinion might be wisely directed to certain social defects that are susceptible of correction. One of these, and one which is unquestionably been the cause of a great deal of intemperance, is the thoughtless manner in whice wine or stronger alcoholic liquors are urged upon those who are not in the habit of drinking. A young man dines with a friend, and when wine is served says that he does not care for any. Now, if he said that he did not care for fish or for a certain *entree*, no comment would be made by the host; but the chances are that the latter will express great surprise on hearing or seeing that his guest does not take wine, and by asking explanations for this seemingly singular course will induce him, the latter, at the next dinner that he may be invited to, to drink wine, rather than to appear strange and ridiculous. Now, in a good many instances, those who entirely abstain from wine drinking are those who, if they drank, would drink to excess, and beginnings formed in this way often have exceedingly sorrowful endings. If, therefore, the question of drinking could be treated in social circles as the question of eating is treated—that is, in an entirely indifferent manner, so that a man may accept or decline any meat or vegetable that he chooses—there would certainly be very much less wine and liquor drunk, and those of yielding dispositions would not be led away from what they consider correct practices by the overpowering influence of their surroundings. This may seem a small matter, but public opinion is made up of small matters, and so long as public opinion sanctions the custom of drinking the custom of drinking will continue.—*Boston Herald.*

The M. P. Took the Wrong Hat.

A curious story regarding a hat is current in the lobby of the House of Commons. It appears that on Friday night an elderly member, who is said to be of a jealous disposition, and moreover, good possessed of a young, and of course, good looking wife, took from the cloak-room another member's hat. On the following morning after breakfast he discovered the strange hat one his hatstand, and on closer inspection found that it was garnished inside with initials, above which was a strange crest. The green-eyed monster was instantly rampant, especially as his wife had returned from the South of France during his absence at the House on the previous evening. His favorite chapeau, of course being missing, he immediately interrogated his wife as to who was her escort. The innocent dame was highly indignant, and hotly denied the impeachment. Setting his left eyeglass in his honorable member traced the offending hat to its lawful owner, and journeying to his solicitor, indited a very strong epistle to the eldest son of a peer who sits on the opposite side of the House, threatening him with all sorts of penalties for the insult offered to his honor. The young scion of nobility immediately grasped the situation, having himself had to travel home in a strange hat, and kept up the joke by sending the enraged husband a solicitor's letter charging him with stealing the initialed hat from the cloak room of the House of Commons. On receipt of this epistle it immediate dawned on the elderly M. P. that he had made a mistake, and he forthwith made a personal apology. Late Monday afternoon he was strenuously trying to effect a pair for the season.

Rural Ornithology.

A lady from Rochester writes: "I have been to the country, where I saw and heard so many birds we seldom see or hear at home, although we live in the suburbs. One old friend greeted me—a little brown bird that sings in our orchard. I didn't know his name, although I had been trying for three years to find out. Here was my opportunity. I summoned the farmer and asked him if he knew the bird. 'Oh, yes,' he replied promptly, 'that's a little brown bird that sings around here.'"

Humor.

BROTHER BURDETTE.

The Effect of the Fall Weather on Him.

THE WORM.

My son, it always makes me want to fight when I hear a man apologize for wishing to destroy his enemy by saying that "the worm will turn when trod upon." That is true, but as it only turns flat, or the best or worst, inside out, under such circumstances what has it accomplished by turning? The time for the worm to turn is before it is trod upon. The worm is no example for you, my boy. You want to turn when you have every reason to believe that the other fellow is getting his foot ready to tread upon you. And, on the other hand, don't be like the rattlesnake and turn when nobody is thinking of treading on you, but is rather making all haste to tread clear out of your reservation just as fast as human treaders will carry him. But don't wait to be trod upon.

"I AM NEVER MERRY WHEN I HEAR SWEET MUSIC."

Like a katydid singing, a mandolin's ringing just two doors away with its "zum-zum-zum," and out in the street, half a dozen boys beat on the head of a cask for a big bass drum. In the room just below at the big piano, a maiden is playing the tra-la-la-loo; and the children up stairs, in trios and pairs, are practicing songs that are noisy and new. And over it all, through kitchen and hall, too base for a whistle and too shrill for a squall, like a calliope yowling our Bridget is howling the one line she's mastered of "Lanigan's Ball." Oh Phœbus Apollo! they warble and holloa, they shriek up to izzard and growl down to A; they start in the morning without any warning, and their second wind came at the close of the day. Why, the very deaf mute makes a noise with a flute, and a blind man see saws on a loud violin; and people born dumb still can tinkle and trum on things that are rattling and noisy as sin. So their music and songs go it hammer and tongs, old women and maidens and old men and boys; and I am mad with delight from morning to night—I was born in a mill and am fond of a noise.

ONE IS AND THE OTHER ISN'T.

"Father," said Rollo, suddenly pausing in reading the Hebrew grammar aloud to his mother, "Father, there is a difference between heaven and the President of the United States." Rollo's father said he had suspected as much ever since Uncle George had been nipped for postoffice, but he craved to know the difference in exact terms. This may seem a rather encyclopedical way of talking to a boy 4 years old, but Rollo's father didn't believe in a pootsy wootsy system of education. "What is the difference, Rollo?" he demanded sternly. "One is peopled by the elect and the other is elected by the people," said Rollo. "And what," asked his father, "is the difference between heaven and a Kansas farm?" "One is a land of peace and the other is a piece of land," suggested Rollo. "Certainly," said his father. "Now you see how easy and childish that is when you nave once found the combination. Never let me hear youat it again, or I'll take off a few pieces of your cuticle by the attrition of the skate strap. You comprawney voo?" "We," said Rollo, "we, M. le papa; je catch on!" And so he had; many a time.

A SURPRISE FOR CHARLEY.

Charley Callboard came home the other day, and when he sat down with his family at the table, he presented a great stack of something that was piled up in a big dish in the middle of the table. He tasted some of it and looked frightened.

"Is that to eat?" he asked.

"Not for myself or the children," said his wife, "but it is a favorite dish of your own and I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you."

"May I ask what you call this 'rough on hungry men,' and what are the ingredients?" he asked, severely, trying it again and shuddering.

"Why, I haven't analyzed it very thoroughly," she said, "but it is composed largely of grease, I don't know of what kind, but it's very greasy grease; then there are potatoes, some quite raw and others partially cooked, or at least not wholly raw; there is a large quantity of onions of varying degrees of toughness; some strips of hard cucumber pickles; some scraps of pickled beets, very thick and old; a strange kind of oil, such as I never smelled before outside of a machine shop, and a deluge of vinegar, sharpened with certain chemicals; and some ingredients that are new to me. I heard you say a number of times that you didn't want anything better for a midday lunch than a plate of Emil Weinneubier's potato salad, and as you said there wasn't another place in all this world where they could make it as he does, I sent Thomas down to the saloon and got some for you. It is very cheap, and I'm so glad you like it. Have some more, dear?"

And people who were passing down the river on an excursion boat with the band playing just at that time, say they heard Charley say "No" so plainly that they recognized his voice. Mrs. Callboard says she married Charley to make a happy home for him, and whenever he wants of anything he likes she is going to get it for him if she and the children have to go without bread. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Couldn't Get It Right.

A preacher who held forth in St. Paul, Minn., in the early days, says the *Pioneer Press* of that city, in closing up his prayer one Sunday, asked the Lord "to comfort the afflicted, heal the sick, and raise the devil." The congregation was, of course, greatly discomposed, and even the good old deacon found it hard work to keep a straight face. Horrified by his *lapsus linguæ*, the minister in the meantime made matters very much worse by correcting himself in the words: "Oh, Lord, we do not mean raise the devil, but raise the dead." The organist, who was a sagacious man, immediately took in the situation, and helped the very much-rattled parson out by striking up a hymn.

She Was Doing Her Best.

A little girl came home from her grandmother's one day with a very full account of an elegant lunch party that grandmama was giving; the delicacies of the table, the toilets of the ladies, and other interesting details. Surprised that she had known nothing about it before, mamma made inquiries, only to find that no such party had taken place. Questioned in regard to her imaginative effort, Mabel answered plausibly: "Why, mamma, sometimes you make up 'tories to amoose me, and I thought I'd see if I couldn't make up a 'tory to amoose you!"—*Epoch.*

Hush Money.

"I expect these rich men are very often blackmailed?"

"Indeed they are. Why it was only last week that George Gould was obliged to pay hush money."

"You don't say so. I'm surprised that it is not in the papers. So he had to pay hush money. How much was he bled?"

"He only had to shell out 25 cents. It was for a bottle of paregoric, or soothing syrup for that baby. It squalls so that it scares the cats off the roof."—*Texas Siftings.*

Uncle Zeke's Terms.

Gentleman—Uncle Zeke, how much will you charge to whitewash my fence?

Uncle Zeke—Ef you brings de fence heah I'll do it for nuffin, sah; but 'n case I goes to de fence I has two dollah's a visit, an a visit calls for one coat of Uncle Zeke's King Gawge whitewash.—*Tid Bits.*

Kitty Sternly Rebuked.

Little Margery, playing with her kitten, got a rather severe scratch from the animal. Her lip trembled for an instant, and then she assumed the commanding attitude and expression that her mother had assumed under somewhat similar circumstances toward her, and extending her hand, said sternly:

"Titty, dive me dat pin!"

How Some Weddings Come About.

Many marriages are made by young mothers making the men fall in love with themselves and then handing them over to their daughters, who in all probability resemble them. For it is a well-known fact that a very young man is prone to bestow his affections on a considerable older than himself.

Sam's Narrow Escape.

I was born a Democrat, raised a Democrat. I studied its principles fully. I worked for it, I have spent money for it. I have drank whisky for it, I have lied for it, I have stuffed boxes for it, I did all it told me; and it took me within half a mile of hell.—*Sam Small's Speech.*

Miscellany.

HE TOOK IT ALIVE.

Startling Remedy for Fever and Ague Prescribed by a North Ireland Woman.

"Malaria?"

"Yes, malaria."

"No sir. I'm no more afraid of malaria than I am of you," and as the speaker was at least ten inches taller than the reporter and proportionately broader, his fear of that dread malady was probably not excessive. "I've had malaria and I've been cured."

"Yes, but a man can have malaria more than once."

"Not if he is cured the way I was. About ten years ago I was living in Indiana, in Vigo county, near Terre Haute. In those days a man was regarded as a stranger until he had drunk about a gallon of whisky and quinine and shaken down his bedstead th ree or four times with the ague. I had a rather reticent nature, and I supposed it took the climate longer to get acquainted with me than it did the ordinary run of men. For I had to drink about a barrel of whisky and take whole pounds of quinine before I could get strong enough to even shake myself, let alone a bed. Old citizens told me that I had the worst case of fever 'n ague,' as they called it, that the county had ever seen."

"How were you cured?"

"I was just coming to that. I was living with the Dennis family, from the north of Ireland. Mrs. Dennis used to tell me she could stop my chills if I only would take her medicine. She never would tell me what her medicine was, but always said if I would let her be the doctor she would cure me. Finally, one day, I agreed. She waited till evening. Then she brought to my bed a towel.

"'Bind that around your head so you can't see,' said she.

"'What's that for?' said I.

"'Who's the doctor, you or me?' said she.

"So I bound the rag about my head.

"'Now,' said she, 'take this glass of water in your right hand, open your mouth, take your dose and a drink of water the second it is in your mouth. Be sure and swallow what I give you.'

"I promised, but there was something so ominous about her preparations that it was with no little apprehension that I opened my mouth, held my breath and braced up to take my punishment."

"Did it taste bad?"

"It didn't have any taste at all. It felt like a little ball of dust, such as you find in the corner of the carpet. I washed it down several seconds quicker than instantly, you may be sure. Just as it was going down I felt a sharp pain in my throat as if it had scratched.

"'Is it down?' asked Mrs. Dennis.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'All down?'

"'Yes; now tell me what I've taken.'

"'I'll tell you to-morrow, and then you'll have no more shakes.'"

"I slept soundly that night, but when I woke up in the morning my throat was swollen and very painful. About 10 o'clock Mrs. Dennis came to my room. She had a little pasteboard box in her hand."

"'There,' said she, 'look in there and see what it is.'

"I looked. Then I felt the blood leave my heart. I turned cold and fainted. When I recovered Mrs. Dennis was standing by my side.

"'Did I take one of those?'" I asked.

"'You took the mate of that one.'"

"That was years ago, and I never had a chill after that day. My throat got well in two days, and I. I was effectually cured, but I wouldn't take another dose of that medicine to save my life."

"What was it you swallowed?" asked the reporter.

"It was a big, hairy black spider, and it was alive."

PASTE IT IN YOUR BIBLE.

A Chapter Verily Like the Original—How Benj. Franklin Surprised His Friends.

Over 100 years ago the following so-called "Genesis 51" was used to puzzle Biblical scholars; and to-day, were it read aloud in any mixed company, it is questionable if the fraudulent nature would be discovered, so beautifully is the spirit and language of the Old Testament imitated:

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of the ends of the earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in my house and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I not borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax against His servant; lo! I have sinned, forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him and returned with him to the tent, and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham saying, For thirty day siu shall thy seed be afflicted 400 years in a strange land.

15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

In 1759, when in England as agent for the colony of Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin privately printed this "chapter," as he always termed it. Taking only a sheet of paper, he kept it laid in his Bible at the end of Genesis, and used to amuse himself by reading it aloud to his friends, and hearing them expressing their surprise that they had never recollected reading it, and their openly expressed admiration of the moral it carried with it. Its origin is unknown. It has been traced back 700 years to a Persian poet, who simply says "it was so related." It must be very old.

Eastern Dress.

Dr. Shaw has given a very particular account of the Eastern dress, which, with what other travelers relate, explains many passages of scripture. He says: "The true size of the hyke (the upper garment commonly worn) is six yards long and five or six feet wide. It serves for their dress by day and to sleep in at night, as it did in the days of the Israelites. Indeed such covering is necessary in those countries, as, although the heat by day is very great, the nights are generally cool. Such a garment was loose and troublesome to the wearer, and he was obliged to tuck it up or fold it around him. This made the girdle necessary whenever they were actively employed, and it explains the scriptural expression, 'having our loins girded,' when one happened to be active in performing any duty."

Long Summer Days in England.

The extreme brevity of the English summer nights always interests the stranger. It is not fully dark until nearly 11 o'clock, and reading is possible on a clear night up to nearly 10. The gray dawn begins to glimmer about 2 in the morning, and by 3 it is quite light again. This doesn't seem to give the creatures that go to bed and get up with the sun time enough for rest. The roosters and such fowl have a worn, sleepless look and evidently suffer from insomnia. These brief nights, of course, are accompanied by a corresponding extraordinary length of days. We are accustomed to expect this sort of thing by hearsay in Norway, Sweden and Russia, but it seems at first novel and unfair to find an English-speaking country blessed with such an extra quantity of daylight.

SLEEPLESS MEN.

The Sound Advice that an Anonymous New York Doctor Gives Them.

Two men were in an elevated car on their way down town to business. The man next to the reporter turned to his neighbor with the question:

"Did you sleep any last night?"

"No; did you?"

"I did, about three hours. When I woke up I felt more tired than when I lay down."

"Yes, it's pretty hard this summer for people who have to stay in the broiling city. But, from all I hear, the folks in the country are not doing much better. My wife's letters are full of mosquitoes and sleeplessness."

"Gentlemen," broke in a man with gold-rimmed spectacles, who looked the physician every inch of him, and around the corners of whose bearded mouth a humorous smile had been flitting during the dialogue, "this talk of sleeplessness proves how seldom people will take medical men's advice or even ask for it. It is so simple to induce sleep, with very little trouble, that every man of intelligence can obtain it, unless he be a very sick man indeed."

"Well, sir," rejoined the last speaker, "if you will gratify our curiosity that far, tell us your remedy."

"As to mosquitoes my advice is: Kill them before you go to bed. Sleep where there is a current of air, and have a mosquito netting around the bed, but leave yourself plenty of breathing space. If suffering much from the heat, take a cooling bath before retiring. I find, however, that this talk of sleeplessness comes in nine cases out of ten, from persons of an unduly nervous temperament. They fidget about and imagine beforehand that they will not obtain sleep, instead of composing their minds to properly receive the soothing influence. If given at all to sleeplessness do not smoke in the evening and do not excite yourself. Lie down with the firm resolution to sleep, and sleep will come quite naturally, provided the body requires it. There's the rub. A great many people think there is a cast-iron rule as to the number of hours they ought to sleep. That's all wrong. Never try to sleep unless you feel tired and notice that your system wants it. Four hours of sleep, under certain conditions, are more beneficial to a man than the proverbial nine hours. I've had many cases in my practice which have shown me the folly of expecting so many hours of sleep night in and night out.

"It's the same with sleep as with food. The appetite varies; and so does the desire for sleep. Nature knows her business best, and when a man cannot sleep he very often ought not to sleep. A few weeks ago a well known business man came to me and wanted opiates to give him back his regular dose of sleep. I satisfied myself pretty soon that it would be only doing harm to comply with his request. There was nothing troubling his mind and his health was good. He simply had the notion that he didn't get sleep enough, and had begun to worry about it. I gave him a few simple rules to observe and he soon had once more all the sleep that was good for him without using any poisonous narcotics.

"Judging from my experience, the need of sleep is very different in different persons, even among those of like habits and equally good health. I know a very active business man, a patient of mine, who requires but six hours' sleep, while another one needs all of eleven hours out of the 24."

"City Hall and Brooklyn bridge!" shouted the guard, and everybody scrambled for the door, while the audience murmured: "Much obliged for the lecture, doctor."—*New York Advertiser.*

BOB BURDETTE ON THE FLAG.

Why the Veterans Dislike the Combination of Cleveland and the Stars and Stripes.

It seems to me that the hostility which the old soldiers exhibit toward the combination of President Cleveland and the United States flag is easily explained. It is simply an emanation of the soldier spirit; it is the soul of a soldier's life and habit—obedience to orders.

Along some time "endurin' the war" the mob of camp-followers and speculators who followed the army for gain and plunder, got to using the United States flag as an advertisement. It floated over and in front of every shoddy store in Cairo and Memphis, and painted across the stars and stripes was the name of the firm that was making $2 on every bill of 50 cents it sold. The flag was dishonored by greedy robbers who loved the soldier only for what they could make out of him, and waved the flag over his head while they went through his pockets. I think it was Grant—a soldier naturally thinks that every good thing that was done during the war was done by Grant—possibly while he was commanding the Military division of the Mississippi—at any rate, it was some Union general who issued an order forbidding this desecration of the flag. It was a symbol of honor; the emblem of our noble and glorious cause; every star was sacred to the soldier; that banner was his hourly inspiration; daily he braved death beneath its folds, and he prayed that it might be his winding-sheet when he died. To daub upon its azure field the fat face of some civilian who never spoke a warm-hearted word for the Union until he found there was some profit to be made out of its defenders; to scrawl across its silken folds the name of some trader whose greedy hand was plunged into the soldier's pocket; to use the flag as an advertising sheet for a pack of camp followers was a disgrace, an outrage, a shameful dishonor. And so the general commanding ordered that all such signs should be taken down by the provost guard, and that no man should again dare use the flag of our country to sell worsted shirts and shoddy wares, while daily it was made more sacred than ever, baptized in the fire of battle and the life-blood of brave men. The thought, the feeling that inspired the order was born in the heart of a soldier and the army applauded it.

Well, now the old soldiers have not forgotten that order, and to this day the Grand Army hates to see the flag used as an advertisement for dry goods, for clams, for salt fish, for tar, for gimlets for treacle, taffy, popularity, votes, or anything else. No man's portrait has any right on the United States flag—the President's or the post sutler's or even P. T. Barnum's. The flag was never made for that purpose; it wasn't intended, when it was designed, for a national picture gallery. And no man who loves it, who did the men who marched, and fought, and suffered under it, likes to see it disfigured. They remember the flag very distinctly as it was when they carried it into battle, and President

Recent Literature.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, comes another book of Count Tolstoi's, whose works have recently become so popular in this country. It is entitled "What To Do? Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow." The book opens with an article upon the census in which he gives his idea of what should be accomplished by that work; that its object should not be the mere enumeration of people, but to discover their condition in order to ameliorate the miseries of so many. He shows how he became impressed with the idea that it was a sin for any one to live in luxury while so many are perishing for the necessaries of life. Following the first article which was published in the Moscow papers and preceded his own works in assisting for the census, is the story of his experience in that direction told in the picturesque and strong style peculiar to him. Whatever one may think of his peculiar theories they can not fail to be impressed by his sincerity. His earnestness is so great that he holds even the reader who utterly lacks sympathy with his ideas, but rather regards them with decided disapproval.

"Button's Inn" is the title of a novel by Albion W. Tourgee, so well known as the author of "A Fool's Errand," "Hot Plowshares," etc. The scene is laid upon the southern shore of one of the great lakes. The story has to do with the early days of Mormonism when it was somewhat different as a religion from what it now appears to be, and the methods employed by the Prophet John Smith are described with vividness. The object of the book seems to be to indicate the origin and evolution of that faith from the religion of that day. The characters are exceedingly life like in their portrayal, the plot well worked out, and full of absorbing interest. It can not fail to find many readers. Roberts Brothers, Boston, are the publishers.

In the series of "The Lives of the Presidents," issued by Frederick & Stokes, New York, comes a volume by William O. Stoddard, which treats of James Madison, James Monroe and John Quincy Adams. A portrait of the first mentioned forms the frontispiece of the volume. These sketches, for they are scarcely long enough to be much more, though so concise, are comprehensive, and present the salient points in the lives of these three men in a very clear manner. The book forms a pleasant addition to the library collection of the lives of those who have occupied the Presidential chair.

"The People's Bible: Discourses upon Holy Scripture," by Joseph Parker, has now reached the sixth volume, which is issued by Funk & Wagnall, New York. This volume embraces the last sixteen chapters of Judges, the whole of Ruth, and the first eighteen chapters of Samuel. The five former volumes have elicited the highest commendation from both ministers and laymen, and this is by no means inferior to them. "Those who have had the rare pleasure of reading the former volumes of this series will not be slow to secure this last edition of the series. Price $1 50.

Two pretty little books decidedly different in character, but similar in press work and binding are issued by Frederic Stokes, New York. One is "Practical Carving," by Thomas J. Marry, already so well known by his works upon cooking. This little work will be welcomed by those who find one of their greatest miseries is their inability to carve gracefully when that duty falls to them to do.

The second work is "The Game of Euchre" by John W. Keller, the author of "The Game of Draw Poker" etc. Those who are in any doubt as to the exact rules for playing this game will here find them solved. It is a very clear exposition of what is an exceedingly popular game.

In Lippincott's series of select novels comes "Madelon Lemoine," by Mrs. Leith Adams, author of "Geoffrey Stirling," "Aunt Hepsy's Foundling," etc. It opens with a very pretty description of an English country scene, and the story progresses in an interesting way to the end. Pamphlet, 25 cents.

Another pamphlet novel issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, is "Only a Farmer's Daughter," by Lilian Herbert Andrews, which is of an entirely different character from the one last mentioned, the scene being laid in America, and the plot a most decidedly sensational one. Price, 25 cents.

Laird & Lee, Chicago, issue the "Upland Mystery," in pamphlet form. This is a New England tragedy, by Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch. The plot is a good one and well worked out, making interesting reading for a leisure hour.

Literary Notes.

A valuable paper upon the hygiene of water will be one of the features of *Harper's Magazine* for October.

An unusually important work is announced by Cassell & Co. It is "Martin Luther; the Man and His Work," by Peter Bayne, LL. D.

"A Speculator in Petticoats," by the celebrated French novelist, Hector Maiot is in press for immediate publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

There is soon to be issued by the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston, a volume of poems, entitled "Meadow Melodies," by the Hon. Charles F. Gerry, of Sudbury, Mass.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just published "The Bee-Man of Orn, and other Fanciful Sketches," by Frank R. Stockton, a collection of nine tales for young readers.

The concluding instalment of the Thackery Letters in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, will contain two portraits of the author from photographs in the possession of Mrs. James T. Field.

The Lincoln history in the *Century*, by the private secretaries of Mr. Lincoln, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, will deal during the coming year with the political and military history of the early period of the war.

The brilliant young American painter, John S. Sargeat, is the subject of a critical article by Henry Eckford Chamberlain, of *Harper's Magazine*, illustrated with a portrait and three specimens of his paintings.

The poetry of the October *Harper's* will consist of three small gems, namely, "Aaron Burr's Wooing," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, illustrated by Howard Pyle; "A Mood," by Amelie Rives; "To a Most Comely Lady," by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Villa Brichieri, Florence, referred to by Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh," has a congenial tenant for the summer in Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson. Miss Woolson has improved in health, but it is doubtful whether she will ever be thoroughly well.

Early in October Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. will publish the sixth volume in their series of "German Philosophical Classics," edited by Prof. George S. Morris, Ph. D. This volume, specially edited by the editor, and bearing the title, "Hegel's Philosophy of the State and of History," will contain an expository resume of two of Hegel's most popular and important masterpieces.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's sequel to "Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine" will be called "The Dusantes," and it is authoritatively announced that the new story will thoroughly and satisfactorily dispose of Mrs. Leeks, Mrs. Aleshine, and other old friends, and will, moreover, tell all about the famous, but so far invisible, family whose name it bears. "The Dusantes" will begin in the December *Century*, and will be concluded in three numbers.

Where "Cigar" Comes From.

The origin of the word cigar is not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries. The word, of course, is Spanish, and Littre in his French dictionary says that it is derived from cigarral, the Spanish name for grasshopper, and is so called from the resemblance of the article to the body of the grasshopper. There is another derivation which seems more reasonable. When the Spaniards first introduced tobacco into Spain from the island of Cuba they cultivated the plant in their gardens, which in Spanish are called cigarrales. Each gave his tobacco in his cigarrel and rolled it up for smoking as he had learned from the Indies in the West Indies. When one offered a smoke to a friend he could say: "Es de mi cigarral"—it is from my garden. Soon the expression came to be, "Este cigarro es de my cigarral"—this cigar is from my garden. And from this the word cigar spread over the world. The name cigarral for garden comes from cigarra, a grasshopper, that insect being very common in Spain, and cigarral meaning the place where the cigarra sings.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to purify your blood and give you strength.

THE LAND OF THE "DARNED MOUNSEER."

BY MAX O'RELL.

V.—THE FRENCH AT WAR.

Jacques Bonhomme's Love for His Army—The Regiment—Supeurs—Drammers and Buglers—The Band—Character of the Instrumentalists—Variations on "William Tell"—The Colonel—Typical Officers—The Utility of the German Language—Knowledge of Geography—A General Who Believes He Is Retreating—A Recipe for Preventing Sore Feet—Non-Commissioned Officers—The Corporal—Pitou, the French Tommy Atkins—His Life and Character—Hibernianism in French Barracks—Philosophy and Good Humor of the French Soldiers in War Time.

Jacques Bonhomme does not love his army as John Bull loves his.

John gives ovations to his soldiers, showers decorations on their heads, when they return home from a little expedition that will enable him to publish a new map with one little corner marked in red; but, as I remarked in "John Bull and His Island," if he goes to a public place of entertainment and meets a soldier in uniform there, away he hurries, exclaiming, "This place is not respectable, soldiers are admitted." In the singular, the warrior loses all his prestige.

Very different are the feelings of Jacques toward his army. He loves it in the singular because his boy belongs to it (every Frenchman has to serve in the army). In the plural, however, it represents authority, and he is well aware that the army is ready for use as a police force in case he should ever be tempted to make his voice heard too loudly in demanding a reform. This is why French soldiers, in their different garrison towns, live a life apart. They do not mix with the people and have to put up with "Coventry."

The French army is viewed through many spectacles. The Conservatives see in it the preservers of order, the Radicals a danger to the liberties of the nation, the League of the Patriots call it the Hope of France. To the French Mary Jane it is the repository of tender sentiments; to the tradesmen of the garrison town a source of income, following-lines like it because it provides them with dancers who are as ornamental as useful, though the officer's uniform is no longer the gorgeous dress it was in my time, when a lieutenant's full uniform cost him from a half to a whole year's pay. French girls have a deep conviction that no man can make love like a young lieutenant; but Papa was always apt to frown on him, knowing that this Romeo had generally more gold on his shoulder than in his waistcoat pocket, and that, according to the army regulations, no officer might marry a lady with less than 30,000 francs *dot*.

But here comes the regiment. Let us open the window and have a look at the "children of France," as Beranger called them.

In front march the *Sapeurs* with their long bushy beards covering their chests. Look at one and you will see them all. *Sapeurs* are all alike; to be able to tell one from another is a proof of marvellous perspicacity. Under the Empire, the *sapeurs* used to march with large white leather aprons covering their chest and legs, hatchets over their shoulders, and huge busbies on their heads, and they formed an imposing-looking body. The aprons are now done away with, but the hatchets are retained. Most of the officers' orderlies are taken from this part of the regiment, and it was a pleasant to see one of these good fellows, who are mostly middle-aged, fatherly-looking men, with his apron on, leading about the children of some married officer, who made use of him as a dry nurse (not so *dry*, either, for we still say in France "to drink like a *sapeur*"). These big, kind, bearded nurses were always favorites with their little charges, as they are great at telling stories, long stories full of *so-he, so-she (qui dit, quelle dit)*, ending in the heroine's marrying a general. The office of the *sapeurs* being to precede the regiment and clear away all obstacles that could impede its march, the hatchet was originally a very important part of their accoutrement. But in these days virgin forests are not plentiful in Europe, the high roads are excellent, and the colonel prefers to use them, so that now the chief utility of the formidable tool is to chop wood to make the pot boil.

Next come the drummers and buglers. How martial they look with their heads high, every head turned to the right and every bugle parallel, making the air resound with their fanfares! They are very popular with the soldiers. It is the buglers who, with their stirring notes, cheer the men when they show signs of lagging on a long, very march. I have seen them, at the foot of a steep hill, tired, perhaps, with hours of marching. "Sound the charge," says the colonel, and immediately, as if by magic, the limp legs and backs straighten, and the column of men step out bravely, singing to the notes of the bugle—

Il y a la goutte a boire la-haut,
Il y a la goutte a boire.

The summit of the hill reached, the *goutte* is dispensed by the *cantiniere*, and generally takes the form of a small glass of brandy, which, in time of peace, has to be paid for at the rate of a penny the glass. The bugler has no need to pull out his purse, very tempting a treat to him. Those of the men who have seen active service can never forget how those same notes that have just cheered them up the hill nerved them when they had to charge the enemy, and know that in many a terrible battle when the enemy's guns did their deadly work too well, one or two inspiring buglers have been cheered on the diminished ranks to the last, and perhaps turned the fortune of battle.

Next to the buglers comes the band. The appearance of the bandsmen is not particularly martial; the uniform is a little bit *negligé*. We are in the presence of artists now.

Why the trombone should be the oldest member of the band I have never been able to discover, but it is a fact that he is nine times out of ten a gray-headed, spectacled man, with a grave expression, and three stripes on his sleeves. He feels the weight of his responsibility. It is all very well for the clarionet to take life lightly; if he plays a note a little flat it passes in the general hum of the music without any disastrous consequences, but a wrong note from the trombone it is awful to think of. So he looks after the time and never loses sight of his majestic instrument. As a man who only plays accompaniments, the trombone is modest, and seems to apologize for the noise he makes.

The cornet plays solos, and the applause he has won from the public in the *place d'armes* has made him vain. Holding his instrument in the air, he is not only seen and heard, but can see the effect he produces. He is young and good-looking, waxes his moustache, and is a perfect lady-killer. Cornet players, like tenors, are conceited.

The flute is reserved. The habit of casting down his eyes on his tiny instrument has made him bashful.

The clarionet is a picture of misery. With head bent down, he looks like a plaintive philosopher giving utterance to his sad views of life.

The masher of the band is the hautbois. His uniform is unimpeachable, and more than once the colonel has frowned on him for showing too much white collar. He gives private lessons in town.

The ophicleide is funereal. His general expression is one of solemnity. The only time his face lights up at all is when he has to play the "Prayer of Moses" as a solo. This is his triumph.

The bandmaster ranks with the quartermaster. In his numerous leisure hours he composes variations on the principal airs of "William Tell" and "Norma," a thankless task, seeing that those airs of Rossini and Bellini are good enough for most people in their original form. But it is his pride to see his name on a programme in company with these great ones, and so he works away at his "Airs from 'William Tell,' arranged (deranged?) by N——, bandmaster of the 12d Light Foot." Just as every English chemist has composed a special tooth powder, every French bandmaster has composed an arrangement of "William Tell."

Here comes the colonel on horseback. He looks sad and careworn. No wonder! three thousand men to manage, and the variations on "William Tell" to hear every day at dinner.

I pass over the lieutenant-colonel and the chief of squadron to have the pleasure of introducing to you a few subalterns, the non commissioned officers, and the French Tommy Atkins, who is called "Pitou" by his compatriots.

The married officer keeps to himself, and does his best to keep his wife at home. French susceptibilities, in barracks especially, are soon wounded, and he wants no possibility of quarrels that might arise from the dear ladies' tattle. He does wool work in his spare moments, and looks forward to the time when he will be able to retire on his pension. He is a peaceable man. In the army, matrimony is the grave of glory.

The serious officer is one who looks for promotion. He is a soldier by profession and by vocation. He studies tactics and military history, and practices fencing, shooting at targets, swimming, and all athletic sports. He has the campaigns of Napoleon at his fingers' end. You will always see him poring over maps. He studies geography and the German language. He is of the opinion that when the French can all speak German, the Prussians will have a hard time. As to geography, he is quite right; the knowledge of it is indispensable to the officer. The following anecdote of the Franco-Prussian war will serve as an illustration of it. A general—no less important a man than Gen. Ducrot—had made a sortie from Paris and crossed the river Seine. Presently, as he advanced, he came to a river. Being ignorant of the meanders of the Seine in the environs of Paris, he asked:—

"Have we already come to the river Marne?"

"No, general, this is the Seine," replied one of the staff officers near him.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the general, "but then we are retreating" (*Tableau.*)

The officer of fortune is the one who has not got any—and runs into debt. Give him a wide berth, he is the bully of the regiment, very quick to take offence, and over ticklish on the part of honor.

The officer who has risen from the ranks is very popular with the soldiers, whose wants he knows much better than do the young lieutenants fresh from the military school. His messmates say, "He is not a gentleman." He is, however, a good soldier and a trusty, straightforward man. It is true that his manners are not refined. He can speak very fair French, but prefers bad language, and can swear for a quarter of an hour without using the same oath twice. I remember, during the Franco-Prussian war, I happened to be quartered for a day in an aristocratic household in Lorraine with a lieutenant of this type. Trembling at the thought of my worthy friend's unruly mouth, I seated myself at our host's dinner table. All went well until the conversation unluckily fell upon military marches, when the lady of the house wanted to know whether the feet did not suffer very much with such a quantity of walking to do every day in the hot weather. "I'll tell you what, ma'am," said he, "you must never wash the feet. I never do. Grease them well with tallow, and they'll be all right." The lady wished she had not spoken. Later on, there was a whist party formed in the drawing room, and my comrade was asked if he would make a fourth at a little table where three old whist players were already seated to enjoy their favorite game. "With pleasure, I am sure," said he, comfortably installing himself in the empty chair—"only I must tell you I've never played before." The face of the old gentleman opposite as he looked at him over his spectacles, was a study.

The sergeant-major is pretentious. He will tell you that, if he were a civilian, he would occupy a position that very few officers' wives would be able to afford. When he retires to private life, he boasts of having been a sergeant-major.

The corporal, to be seen in all his glory, must be studied when he has a written report to make to the colonel. He is a good fellow, who rules four men, and defies all rules of grammar. His spelling is phonetic, yet he loves long words, and his reports bristle with such words as *nevertheless, notwithstanding*. He is regarded by his four men as an authority on elegant diction. He pronounces French in a marvellous way, using imaginary consonants at the ends of his words. For *peu-a-peu* he will say *peu-a-peux*, and tell his men that *to-peu* or *peu-sa-peu*, add to tell his men that both are French, but that "the second is more elegant." A private may be able to spell but a corporal never, such is the deep-rooted belief of all French officers. I was present, one day, when a corporal came to the doctor with one of his men, who was unfit for the sadlle. The doctor examined him and found him suffering from rheumatism. The corporal proceeded to fill up the requisite form for the man's admission to the nearest military hospital. "Can you spell *rheumatism*, corporal?" said the doctor. "I think I can, doctor, thank you," replied he, saluting. That corporal was Louis Coetieyon, one of the leading journalists of Paris, who fought bravely soon after the outbreak of the war. We had a good laugh over the incident when I told the doctor of his blunder. "What business has he to be a corporal if he can spell?" exclaimed the surgeon, who was a little bit sorry for what had happened.

Pitou serves his country for the modest sum of a penny a day. He receives a halfpenny cash, and the other is placed to his credit until his term of service is over, when he is presented with a sum representing as many halfpennies, *plus* interest, as he has spent days in the army. Of course his pay is not often his only source of revenue. Many soldiers work at their trades inside the barracks, and those who come from the middle classes are well supplied with pocket money from home—even the peasant's son is sure to receive a little help every month. He rises at five in the morning, and as there is no food served before eight, he goes straight to the canteen and has his *p'tit verre* (a table-spoonful of brandy). Great literary proclivities in the barracks. If there are any empty pockets, their owners are not allowed to go short. He who received a little P. O. O. yesterday is always ready to pay. The poor fellow, who has nothing but his halfpenny a day, is never left out either, and not one of his comrades would dream of alluding to his inability to return their kindness. He is drilled eight hours a day. At 8 p. m. and 4 p. m. he has his *gamelle* containing a piece of beef, cooked and served in a good, thick soup of vegetables. This savory and nourishing repast is eaten with bread, and forms his only food in time of peace. How often, during the war, when the officers' dinner was but a dream, have I relished a dish of this appetising compound brought me by my good orderly.

I cannot relate here the thousands of jokes that the barracks have furnished, and will always furnish, to the French comic papers. But I cannot refrain from mentioning the one which is the finds Hibernianism common among the ranks, while not to be found elsewhere in France. I remember one bull that Paddy might be proud to have perpetrated. Pitou, ordered by a corporal to dig a pit and bury a quantity of rubbish from the yard, is in trouble. He has performed the task, but there is no room in the pit for all the mould which was dug out to make it. So he comes to his corporal to ask what he shall do. "Imbecile," said the corporal, magnificently, "make the pit larger, of course."

In war time the French soldier is admirable. The good humor with which he goes through the greatest hardships is simply wonderful. If the provisions are not at hand, he breakfasts off a joke or a song. The only thing that puts him out is to get short weight when the rations of bread, rice, coffee, sugar and salt are served out. He always goes straightway and weighs them to make sure he has his due, and if there is a deficiency of a tenth of an ounce he will grumble all day; but if his rations are right he is right, ready for anything the day may bring, merry as a lark. His philosophical way of taking the inevitable, and putting a good face on personal misfortune, is proverbial. At the battle of Worth one of my men had his right hand completely shot away by a shell. Seeing the poor fellow look at his maimed arm as he was being carried away, I went to him and gave him a word of sympathy.

"A *bon lieutenant*," he cried, "I shall have to learn to make cigarettes with one hand."

The whole character of the French soldier is there.

Putting up a Boy's Lunch.

A recent writer—and she writes as one whom any boy would love—tells how she saw a mother put up a lunch for her boy to take to school, and then she tells very prettily how that little she observed as she put up that lunch, and I know she would do just as she said. But she didn't go far enough. Now, if I were going to put up a lunch for a boy 13 years old, I wouldn't take a little tin pail, nor yet a neat little covered basket. I would just take market-basket, if the family wasn't going to use it that day, and I would put up a loaf of bread, and trim off every bit of the crust to keep the boy from lying about it, and telling me that he ate it and didn't fire it over the fence, when he came home. I would cut that loaf of bread into slices and spread on butter until it began to fall off, then I would stack on the sugar as long as it would hold. Then I would load in a couple of links of sausage and some slabs of ham; a dainty cluster of hard-boiled eggs—say half a dozen—all the cake there was in the house, and fill up the rest of the space with pie, and then stuff two of his pockets full of apples to eat during the noon hours, and fill the rest of his pockets with nuts, and give him five cents to buy "taffy." Then, if that boy came home at 4 o'clock and said he didn't have enough luncheon and couldn't he have a piece, I would give him the keys of the cellar, cupboard, pantry, cake-chest and fruit-closet, and, yielding a dark despair, go out into the barn and hang myself. We were a boy myself, once.

He Did Not Get In.

"John," she said through the keyhole of the front door, "is that you?"

"Yesh'm dear," replied John.

"Well, truly rural" is the countersign to night."

"Tooly looral."

So John slept in the hotel that night.—*Puck.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

A SPY WITH A LONG MEMORY.

He Had a Fine Day for His Death.

Just before Sherman advanced on his Georgia campaign a man supposed to be a rebel spy was one day arrested in a Union camp. It was in the camp of a Wisconsin regiment that the spy, who gave his name as George Swift, was arrested. He had come there ostensibly to visit friends, but some of the boys had seen him slyly taking notes, and he had asked such questions as no private federal soldier would have any use for. I saw at a glance that he was of Southern birth. This was not so much against him, for at that time we had plenty of Tennessee and Kentucky men with us.

"What command do you belong to?" I asked.

"The —— th Illinois," he replied.

I asked what brigade and division, who was his captain, and various other things, and the replies showed what seemed to be straight answers to every question. When I asked who he had come to visit in the Wisconsin regiment he was lame. A messenger was at once sent after the Illinois captain named. The supposed spy was taken to the tent of the brigade general, and as soon as brought face to face with the captain, he saluted and said:

"Capt. Morton, the people here seem to think I am a rebel spy."

"And who are you? queried the captain, plainly astonished.

"Do you ask that?" reproachfully inquired the man. "Who should I be but George Swift, of your own company?"

"You can't be. I never saw you before in my life."

"Why, Captain Morton!"

The two men looked at each other as if doubting their own senses, and the general asked of Swift:

"Who is your orderly sergeant?"

"Sergt. White."

"Who are your commissioned officers?"

"Capt. Morton, First Lieut. Green, and Lieut. Davis. The latter is home on furlough."

"Who are your tent mates?"

"Oscar Jackson, Thomas Parker, and John Pridgeon."

"Well, captain?" queried the general. "I'll stake my life that I never saw this man before," the captain answered, "and I know every man in my company by name."

The spy was ordered to strip to his shirt, and for the first time his coolness seemed to desert him. In one of his bootlegs was a pocket, and in this pocket we found a paper bearing figures as follows:

A..... 1d..... 27
I..... " 9,000
C..... " 1,600

In a few minutes we were satisfied that the paper read: "Artillery in first division, 27 pieces." The "I" stood for infantry, and the "C" for cavalry. We were satisfied, and yet we were not, for, as soon as we made it out the way I have given it to you, Swift said:

"General, Capt. Morton does not seem to be a good hand to remember faces. Will you please send for the orderly sergeant and my tent mates?"

The cool proposition staggered the general. Two hours later he was confronted with the orderly sergeant.

"Sergeant, do you know this man?" asked the general. "No, sir."

Swift actually grinned as if it were a good joke, and said:

"Perhaps I have changed skins with somebody since I came out of camp this morning. Sergt. White, your given name is Thomas. You came from Chicago. You have been twice wounded. Your father was down to see you last week. You get love-letters from your girl in Galesburg. You are 32 years old. You have a brother Ben in company E. Hear me call the roll of our company: Albright, Allison, Andrews, Arkwright, Bennett, Bender, Borwick, Carter, Corliss, Collins, Costigan, Cummerford——"

The sergeant looked from his captain to the prisoner, and then pinched himself to see if he was awake or asleep.

"I—I never saw him before," he finally stammered, "but he must belong to the company."

"Yes, he certainly must," added the captain.

"Well, take him back to camp with you, sergeant," observed the general. "Hold on, though, didn't we send for his tent mates?"

"They are here, sir."

"Well, we'll see if they recognize him."

The three men were brought in, and inside of five minutes Swift was a doomed man. He had come into the camp four or five days previous claiming to be looking for a friend, and had bribed the boys to let him into the tent. A court martial was convened, and four days after his capture Swift was hung. When the noose was put over his head I heard him say:

"Gentlemen, it's a —— fine morning to start on such a journey as mine!"

FASHIONABLE FOIBLES.

Colored pearls are much esteemed for elegant jewels.

Belts made entirely of gilt braid are stylish and are worn with white costumes.

The tournure is narrower, but hardly perceptibly smaller in the early fall styles.

Fancy hairpins are generally worn and continue to be ornamental and elaborate.

Violet wood is used in a variety of articles for the toilet, and also for the handles of fans.

The gilt and silk braid trimmings form an attractive garniture for tailor-made costumes.

Brier stitching, as well as feather stitch, is used on children's clothing, both dresses and jackets.

Large buttons enter into the trimmings of many fall costumes, and are of very beautiful workmanship.

The soft, warm knitted silk underwear promises to take the place of the jersey weaves, as it is healthful.

The sailor jacket with a blouse waist underneath is a favorite model to wear with a kilted skirt.

The morning costume, to be stylish, is in white chuddar cloth, trimmed with bright colored velvet. Yellow is stylish.

There is nothing more attractive than the bedroom wraps of soft raw silk, which have taken the place of the Angora wools.

The prophecy is that less jewelry will be worn on undress occasions than ever. Only with full dress will diamonds be permitted.

The prettiest footgear are the slippers of dull kid in darker shades. They have a moliere buckle and large bow of satin.

The most becoming plaids are the Scotch tartans which are among the fabrics imported for fall wear. The corsage will be of plain fabric.

A wide band of velvet at the foot of the dress is one of the most attractive models of trimming for fall, and promises to be popular again.

The mid-season or fall styles are not unlike in general from those which have made the past season notable for grace and tastefulness.

Patent leather tips and foxings are still worn, and will continue to be during the present season. Lace boots still hold the favor of young people.

Rich and handsome florescent ribbons are used for trimming evening costumes of wool crapes. Anything which lends brilliancy to the house costume is acceptable.

Why He Was Acquitted.

Mr. H. B. Stanton tells, in his "Random Recollections," the following incident, which occurred in one of our courts:

A revolutionary soldier had been indicted for passing counterfeit money. Charles M. Lee defended the silver-haired veteran on his trial. The evidence against him was clear, and there was not a shadow of doubt of his guilt. Still, he was a man who had followed General "Mad Anthony" Wayne up the craggy steep of Stony Point, on the dark night of July 15, 1779, when that fortress was carried by storm.

Lee summed up the case with rare vehemence graphically described the bloody attack on Stony Point, and, with tears dripping down his cheeks, implored the jury to acquit the old soldier. It was not then known that the foreman of the jury had been with the defendant on the perilous night. The jury went out an hour. When it returned the clerk asked:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, because he helped to storm Stony Point!" shouted the foreman.

The Chicago View of It.

Wife—I found a ring on the street to-day. It is engraved "F. to M." I wonder what that means?

Husband (who is a speculator)—Fair to medium, I suppose.—*Chicago Mail.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

At last a writer has discovered the reason why women are more honest than men in places of trust where much money is to be handled—why as bookkeepers and cashiers they rarely embezzle their employers money. It is not, oh, ye fair ones, because you are better or stronger to resist evil, not because your instincts are higher, as no doubt you have been flattering yourselves, but simply that you are so inexperienced in handling money. It is because for so many centuries money has been doled out to you in small change that you regard it with a sort of reverence, as something beyond your ability to handle well. When the time comes that you are an equal partner with men in all money affairs—when for a few generations you have borrowed shekels and learned to pay them until the latest hour allowed by decency, or not at all, when debt loses its *tremendous-ness* in your eyes, as it probably will when you have the whole responsibility of incurring and paying, then let your employers keep his eyes open and his money vaults locked. At least, that is the opinion of the writer aforesaid, and no doubt there is some truth in what he says.

Did you ever know what may be called a social blunderer? Now and then one appears blandly walking through life, utterly unconscious of the havoc he is making in the sensibilities of other people, always ready with an apology for his mistakes which only intensifies the wound given, and then going serenely on to the same sort of thing again and again. He is the one who asks after some member of the family whose name is forbidden in the home circle; who inquires about the health of one deaf or one blind; who makes a desperate and clearly visible effort to remember a name and then mangles it, or gets it entirely wrong; who gives bits of news in the wrong place; who severely criticizes a person to some member of that person's own family; who discovers and names resemblances to undesirable people; who is always apologizing in the very place where silence would be golden, who in fact, always manages to make people feel as if they would like to dash his head against a brick wall and thus rid society of such a torment. These sort of persons are not uncommon.

Speaking in a general way there seems to be two classes of people in the world, the one seeing the dark side of life, and the other the bright. That is to say, to one appears always a preponderance of shadows, to the other of light. A close observer, listening to the conversation going on day by day in public places cannot fail to be impressed with the fact, and also with another,—that the former are more numerous than the latter, or at least, that the growlers, those who find that things animate or inanimate are maliciously unkind to them personally, are in the majority. Perhaps in reality this is not true, but only appears so because the growls, being essentially disagreeable, are unfortunately more apt to make a deep impression upon the mind. And yet it is also true that there are no people in the world who are so long-suffering as our own, who will endure imposition and bare-faced cheating in the way of commons paid for, without seeking redress. They take it out in grumbling and that ends it, or perhaps they will not grumble at all but turn the whole thing into a huge joke, until by continuance the joke loses its humor and exasperation sets in. Either way, a good result is a long time in being reached.

Speaking of people who see the bright side recalls a description by Edgar Fawcett in his serial, "Olivia Delaplaine," now running in the *American Magazine*. He is speaking of the hero of the story. "He had in smarked degree, the social gift, the rapid insight that measures and guages character, the power to enjoy various phases of human society for what they were, apart from what they had failed of becoming. But only those who knew him best ever perceived in him this occult spiritual distress, and even they found it to be transitory as a piece of gloomy emotion; for Massereene did not have it in him to repine; his was that order of optimism which which sees a line of light at the verge of the stormiest horizon and deafens itself to all the grumbles of thunder that may lurk below. You could never have persuaded him that life was not worth living, though he fairly and unflinchingly faced every modern reason which the scientific pessimists presented for its being altogether vain and futile."

Farther on he says again—and this is the kind of hoping and dreaming that it is well to indulge in—"So long as it was a question of seeking to explain the universe, he tried to possess his soul—with patience; but his hopes and dreams that all was well, and that humanity would hereafter confront the explanation of its worst agony—these were like white birds that incessantly hovered above him, making with the tender palpitations of their wings a harmony that drowned many harsher noises. Cheerfulness always flung its rose light over his bearing and converse." The world would be a pleasanter place to live in were there more of that sort of people.

It is strange how the lives of people who are much before the world are often misunderstood. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that E. Marlitt, the celebrated German writer, whose stories, through Mrs. Wistar's translations, have been so popular in this country, had made distorted pictures of the scenes in high life depicted in her books, because she had had no opportunity of familiarizing herself with them, having been born and remaining in the lower class of people. The contrary is true. She was, indeed, the daughter of a gentleman engaged in mercantile business, who was of a good family, with artistic tastes. Her early youth she had a remarkable voice for singing, that promised wonders, and through it she became the protege of Princess Mathilde, who finally adopted her. When her art studies were nearly completed, a defect in hearing came on, which finally caused the giving up forever of all of her plans for the future, to her intense disappointment. Thence forward she spent most of her time for years at Court with the Princess, or traveling with her to different places. In this way she had ample opportunity to study life in every phase of it, as appears in her books. A very pretty sketch of her life and her study where so much of interest in the world was written appears in the October number of *Demorest's Monthly*.

Something of a Family Muddle.

"The Osborne family muddle" is thus made conspicuous by the Madison (O.) *Journal:*

L. Osborne, of this city, has married his grandfather's second wife, and they have a son. Give this simple statement, and the number of peculiar family relationship may be deduced. For instance, Mr. Osborne is a grandchild of his wife. His son, being also a son of his (Osborne's) grandmother, is uncle to his own father. Osborne becomes a brother to his uncles and aunts, and also a stepfather to them. The boy being the child of Osborne as a grandson, is thereby a great-grandson of his own mother, while his father may rejoice in the title of great-grandfather to his own child. Thus the boy becomes a granduncle to himself and his parents' great grandchild. Osborne is the boy's father and great-grandfather at the same time, and, being the husband of his own grandmother, enjoys the distinction of being his own grandfather as well. Osborne's mother married a man named Blake, and his sister married a brother in-law of her mother, Henry Blake. Osborne's sister becomes a sister to her own mother, Mrs. Blake, being Osborne's mother is grandmother to Osborne's son. The latter however, being a son of the wife of Mrs. Blake's father-in-law, is therefore a brother to his grandmother and granduncle to his grandmother's sister, the daughter who married Mrs. Blake's brother-in-law. He also is her nephew, as the son of her brother. Osborne is the younger Mrs. Blake's grandfather as well as her brother. Thus her nephew, Osborne's son, becomes uncle to his aunt, being a son of her grandmother. This series of relationships may be likewise traced almost indefinitely. The family are happy and contented and live pleasantly.

The Shake Must be Preserved.

The proposition to abolish Presidential hand-shaking, and to place all free American citizens on a level with "the pauper labor of Europe," who must meet their haughty kings and queens with a stony, British stare, would breed a revolution in the United States that would exceed in violence the old-time bread riots. Not shake the hand of an American President! They would shake—or perish in the attempt.

Shake! no matter whom it tires!
Shake! till the President expires!
Shake! for your children and your sires!
God—and your native land!

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

"I'LL REPORT TO GOD THE REASON WHY."

BY J. P. PRICKETT.

[The assault on Port Hudson was pending. In this assault colored troops were to receive their first "baptism of blood." It was a race's test of their fitness for freedom. The white colonel of a colored regiment, himself in arrest, and hence unable to command them in the battle, called the colored sergeant to him and implored him not to dishonor the flag and bring reproach upon his race by proving recreant to duty. Hero and patriot that he was, this lowly representative of a lowly and despised race replied: "I'll bring these colors back with honor, or report to God the reason why!" He reported to God.]

There, like ebon statues in the starlight, stood the "Black Brigade;"
As adown the ranks the colonel strode, and walking, silent prayed;
Prayed that God might fill with patriot zeal each darkened soul, and light
In each lowly breast a bright pathway to Freedom's new birthright;
That these new-born sons of Freedom, in whose swelling hearts and breasts
Burned the memories of centuries of bondage and of wrong,
In the morrow's dreadful slaughter, might, as heroes bear the tests—
In their race's vindication might be brave and true and strong.

Over yonder in the moonlight floated out the "Stars and Bars;"
Here the "Black Brigade" in silence stood beneath the Stripes and Stars.
Over there were trained artillymen asleep by silent guns;
Here were loyal hearts in swelling breasts of Raised from chattelhood to manhood by the stroke of patriot pen.
Wond'ringly, and sometimes doubting, loyal If these slaves, and serfs, and chattels, lifted to the plane of men,
In the shock of strife and battle won their right to liberty.

'Twas the morning of the battle, and the colonel's heart was sore;
Knowing well that with the rise of sun the cannons awful roar
Would reverberate from hill to plain, and Death in blood arrayed,
Striking grim in smoke of conflict would assail his "Black Brigade."
Would slay proudly by words of valor in the carnage of War's stage,
That their race, despite its bondage, was entitled to be free?
Would they act in bloody characters on History's living page?
Write a race's right to Freedom—write a race's destiny.

Grimly stood these erstwhile chattles—freemen now, of dusky hue—
Bay'nets gleaming in the starlight; what their thoughts—ah, no one knew——
Would they falter in the moment of supremest? Would they craven prove and quail?
Would they stains of slavery wipe out in the battle's leaden hail?
Had the iron rust of bondage entered deeply in
Had the cruelty of centuries the springs of manhood dried?
Would they in the blood of conflict and the battle's smoke drown
Prove, despite the years of bondage, patriots, heroes, true and tried?

Said he to the color-bearer, and his voice was scarcely low—
"Ere the coming day is ended patriot blood will freely flow;
In the wild assault on frowning guns, think only only of the years

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle parties' disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended for the benefit of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No communication will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Christian Names.

J. C., Ayr, Neb.:

Please tell us how our Christian names originated?

Names distinguishing one individual from another have been in use from the earliest ages of human society. Among the Jews, the name given to a child either originated in some circumstance of birth, or was an expression of religious gratitude. Old Testament names are almost all original—i.—e., given in the first instance to the person bearing them; but the Jews, like other nations, after accumulating a considerable stock of names, began to repeat them, and many new names in the New Testament which have not been used before. In Old Testament times, it was an occasional practice to adopt a change of names on the occasion of some important event in life. The Greeks in imitation of this custom, given on the tenth day after their birth, which was the right of the father to choose, and after it he pleased. The earliest Greek names are generally expressive of some good quality, distinction, of valor, skill, wisdom, or graciousness (Callimachus, excellent fighter; Pancratius, strength bringer; Sophron, wise; Melanthus, black flower). In later times, when the belief in the gods was on the wane, names derived from Apollo and Anthene, or indicative of favor of Olympus (Apollodorus, gift of Apollo, came into fashion. The oldest son generally received the name of his paternal grandmother, and the confusion arising from the repetition of the same name was attempted to be obviated by appending the father's name, either simply, or turned into a patronymic, like Peleides, the prince of Peleus, or a nickname. The Romans, at a very early period, bore two names, and afterwards every Roman citizen had three, the *praenomen*, like our Christian name, was peculiar to the individual. Caius, Marcus, Titus, in writing, generally abbreviated to an initial or two letters, C. M., or Cn. It was given in early times on the attainment of maturity, and afterwards on the anniversary of birth. The Etruscan names, which the Etruscans called the Romans to their aid, and at Chalons-sur-Marne was fought in June, 451, the bloodiest battle known to European history, in which the Huns were defeated. The Hunnish army is said to have been 700,000 strong, and probably the armies allied against him aggregated nearly as large a force. But the Hunnish empire, after Attila's death, fell to pieces, and the people themselves were swallowed up by other tribes. Historians are not agreed on the question as to whether the modern Hungarians or Magyars are descendants from the race of the Huns or not. The White Huns of the Caspian were, at about the time the other part of the tribe was invading Europe, spread themselves over all of Eastern Persia and the Indian border. Roman historians describe the Huns as hideous in appearance, with broad shoulders, flat noses, and small black eyes deeply buried in the head. Hideous legends were coined concerning their ancestry, ascribing it to the union of the witches of Scythia with infernal spirits. So much was the terror inspired by the repulsive appearance and savage manners of the barbarous race that these tales were readily believed.

The Moon.

Brainard Hooker, Oakdam, Ind.:

Please inform me through the valuable columns of your paper, the theory advanced as moon construction? 2. The various motions of the moon.

The moon, the satelite of the earth, revolves around the earth from west to east once a month and in consequence accompanies the earth in its motion around the sun. As the moon to an observer on earth, advances more than 13 degrees to the east daily, while the sun advances only one degree, her progress among the stars is much more notable than that of the latter. The first peculiarity about the moon that strikes a casual observer, is the constant and regular change of her illuminated surface from a thin crescent to a circle, and vice versa, and a corresponding change in the time of her appearance above the horizon. These changes depend upon the position of the moon relative to the earth and the sun, for it is only the half of the moon facing the sun that is illuminated by his rays, and the whole or part of this illuminated portion can only be seen from the earth when the sun, earth and moon are in straight line. A few hours after new moon as the moon appears a little to the East to the sun as a thin crescent, with the horns pointing directly to the east; as she increases her angular distance from the sun at the rate of 12° daily, the crescent of light becomes broader, till, after a lapse of a little more than seven days, at which time she is 90° in advance of the sun, she presents the appearance of a semi-circle of light. The moon has then completed her first quarter. Continuing her course she becomes gibbous; and at the fourteenth day from new moon she is 180 deg. in advance of the sun and is at full moon. From this point she begins to approach the sun, again appearing gibbous, and after a third period of more than seven days reaches a point 90 deg. west of him and enters the last quarter. The moon is 237,000 miles from the earth and is 2,153 miles in diameter (about 3-11 of the earth's diameter.) The moon revolves around the earth in an elliptic order, with the earth in the focus. The moon, like all other satellites, as far as at present known, revolves around her own axis in precisely the same time that she revolves around the earth; she thus presents always the same face to us, and, consequently, though her near position to us has permitted us to become better acquainted with her surface than with any of the other heavenly bodies, our knowledge is confined to only one-half of her surface. The surface of the moon, as we see it, presents an irregular grouping of light and shade. The dark portions were named by early astronomers as seas, lakes, etc., and still retain these names, although there is strong evidence that the portion of the moon we see contains no water. The brighter parts of the moon are mountains as is proved by their castling shadows when the sun's rays fall upon them obliquely. Seen through the telescope she presents a bleak, desolate appearance, with indications of no animal or vegetable life. She appears to be devoid of an atmosphere, or, if one exists, it must be of exceeding rarity.

Trojan War.

C. M. J., Florence, Mass.:

Please give a short sketch of the Trojan war.

The legend of the Trojan war places its date at about 1194—1184 B. C. Ilios, or Troy, was the capital of a strong empire on Grecian in race and language, which had grown up in Asia Minor along the shores of the Hellespont. According to the traditions, Paris, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, visited the Spartan King Menelaus, and shamefully requited his hospitality by enticing away his wife, Helen, famous for her rare beauty. At the call of Menelaus, all the heroes of Greece flew to arms to avenge this wrong. A host of 100,000 warriors was soon gathered, among whom were Archilles, Ulysses, Ajax, and Diomed, the bravest heroes in Hellas, and Agamemnon, the "King of Men," who, as a brother of Menelaus, was chosen to lead the expedition. Twelve hundred galleys bore the gathered clans from Greece across the Ægean Sea to the Trojan shores. For ten years the Grecians besieged the city of Priam, in the plow within they concealed several of their warriors. Then the whole Grecian army retires to the ships, as though giving up the siege in despair. The Trojans come out on the plain and gaze at the wooden image in wonder. They believe that it has been made by the Greeks as a propitiary offering to the gods, and therefore bear it within the walls of their city. At night the conquering host issue from the horse, open the gates of the city to the waiting army without, and Troy is sacked and burned to the ground. The old King, Priam, and all his sons, are killed. The only ones who escape the general slaughter are Æneas, the future founder of Anchises, and a few devoted followers. These, after long wanderings, by land and sea, settle on the shores of Etruria in Italy. This great Grecian legend has manifestly an historical foundation, the fact of the destruction of Troy by a Grecian military expedition. The interesting discoveries of Dr. Schliemann on the site of ancient Troy show that the story of the siege and fall of the people is far more correct in many particulars than was once believed. But much of it is more poetical embellishment. Yet to separate the fact wholly from the fiction is a task for which no historical critic has sufficient knowledge.

John Brown.

David Sands, Swan Creek, Ill.:

1. Please give the proper way to address a letter to New York city. 2. What is Roscoe Conkling's politics? 3. Give John Brown's history.

1. Simply write the person's name and location and "New York City." 2. Republican. 3. John Brown was the leader of the Harpers Ferry insurrection in 1859. He designed to incite the slaves of the Southern states to rebellion, was a descendant from a Puritan carpenter, one of the Mayflower's load. He was born at Lorrington, Ct., in 1800. In 1154, having imbibed an intense hatred for slavery, he went to Kansas, in order to vote, and, if need were, fight against the establishment of slavery in that territory. In many of the conflicts which ensued between the pro-slavery men from Missouri and the free settlers, Brown took a prominent part, and in one of these he had a son killed, a circumstance which deepened his hostility against the southern party. After the agitation in Kansas was settled, he traveled through the Southern and Western states, declaiming against slavery, and endeavoring to organize an armed attack upon it. In October, 1859, at the head of seventeen white men and five blacks he commenced active hostilities by descent upon Harper's Ferry, a town of 5,000 inhabitants, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, and possessed of an arsenal of from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms. The arsenal was easily captured, and forty or fifty of the principal inhabitants were made prisoners, but instead of retreating to the mountains, and thence to Canada, as his original design had been, Brown lingered in the town until the evening, by which time 1,500 militiamen had arrived. Brown was captured, and shortly after was tried for treason, and executed in 1859.

Independence Bell.

L. A. B., Antiquity, O.:

1. Who rung the Bell of Independence? 2. When was paper money first issued, and for what purpose?

1. It has often been said and reiterated, but it is nevertheless not true, that as soon as Congress had declared the independence of the colonies, on July 4, 1776, the Liberty Bell, that what is known as Independence bell was rung. Pretty poems to the effect that a blue-eyed boy stood at the door of the hall and soon as the measure had passed, cried out: "Ring, ring, ring!" and then the gray-headed sire has also been written, painting this action as a signal for an enthusiastic old gentleman up in the steeple to proclaim liberty throughout all the land by ringing the bell. The simple fact that the Independence was declared in secret session, circulars being sent on the 5th to the various assemblies, conventions and councils of the several states, requesting that the declaration be proclaimed. The Philadelphia papers of the 5th were silent on the subject. It was not known until the 6th, and was first publicly read in the State-house yard by John Nixon on July 8, amid a general rejoicing, firing of bonfires and ringing of bells, among which, if not the first, Liberty bell was one of the first to ring out the glad tidings. The story originated with the ingenious and versatile George Lippard. See, also, answer to C. D., Wadsworth, O., in BLADE of June 2.

Precious Stones.

M. E. R., Brecton, N. Y.:

Will you please give a list and meaning of all of the stones used in rings?

Among certain eastern nations precious stones were associated with the months of the year, and R. D. C. that the ancient sages built to keep them out. Their power was bro en by subsequent wars with the Chinese, in which the latter, under the valiant Emperor Vou-ti, waged incessant and terrible wars of conflict with another powerful nomadic tribe of Northern Asia and were so reduced in strength and shortened in supplies that they divided their numbers and some 80,000 migrated to the east shores of the Caspian Sea, where they settled and became known as the "White Huns." Later, the main body of the nation moved westward and settled on the shores of the Volga. In the third century they were driven west, and invaded the territory of the Alani, a pastoral people living between the Volga and the Don Rivers, conquered this race and united it with themselves. In the following century, 375, the combined nations invading the dominion of the Goths which then extended from the Baltic to the Euxine. The invaders were successful, and what was left of the conquered Gothic nation was forced to seek an asylum within the bounds of the Roman Empire. The Huns settled on the banks of the Don and the Dnieper, soon became involved in war with the Romans, and in the fifth century, under Attila, they rose to a high degree of power, and included or governed all the tribes from the Volga to the Rhine. Attila also seized the territory south of the Danube, crossed the Rhine, and threatened the existence of the Frankish empire. The Franks called the Romans to their aid, and at Chalons-sur-Marne was fought in June, 451, the bloodiest battle known to European history, in which the Huns were defeated. The Hunnish army is said to have been 700,000 strong, and probably the armies allied against him aggregated nearly as large a force. But the Hunnish empire, after Attila's death, fell to pieces, and the people themselves were swallowed up by other tribes. Historians are not agreed on the question as to whether the modern Hungarians or Magyars are descendants from the race of the Huns or not. The White Huns of the Caspian were, at about the time the other part of the tribe was invading Europe, spread themselves over all of Eastern Persia and the Indian border. Roman historians describe the Huns as hideous in appearance, with broad shoulders, flat noses, and small black eyes deeply buried in the head. Hideous legends were coined concerning their ancestry, ascribing it to the union of the witches of Scythia with infernal spirits. So much was the terror inspired by the repulsive appearance and savage manners of the barbarous race that these tales were readily believed.

Iowa.

A. R.:

1. Which one of Cleveland's Cabinet resigned, and who was appointed in his place? 2. Will you please give a short sketch of the history of Iowa?

1. Daniel Manning, secretary of the Treasury, resigned, and Assistant Secretary Fairchilds was appointed to the position. 2. Iowa's general extent is from north to south 208 miles; from east to west 300 miles; has 55,000 square miles, and about 1,624,615 population. Although the face of the country is generally very level, yet within its limit we have the great watershed, which divides the streams that flow into the Mississippi from those that flow into Missouri. No state in the Union is richer in soil. Dubuque and Burlington, and varied as to products. Iowa (Hawkeye state) was admitted to the Union March 3, 1845. The state is divided into 99 counties, with many chief cities and towns, and Des Moines with a population of 30,000. It was a territory from 1838-45.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

L. W. Drake, South Charleston, O.: See paragraph headed public lands.

B. B. Banks, Antwerp, O.: Write to the "Secretary of the Trap Shooting Tournament, Columbus, O.," and he will furnish you any information you may desire.

W. H. Wankley, Clearfield, Pa.: Your book might be of value to some person, who wished to keep it for the history connected with it; but in the book market it would not bring any special amount.

W. S. H., Rochester, Ia.:

Will the BLADE please tell me where telegraph instruments can be purchased?

You can purchase them of any dealer in electrical goods, or sometimes from telegraph managers who have discarded a number.

Dover, Bureau, Co., Ill.:

Will you please publish the poem, "The First Settler's Story," by Will Carleton, in the book, "Farm Festivals?"

This poem is copyrighted, and cannot be published without the author's permission. This reply will explain why we do not publish many others that are called for.

W. Bird, Oakdale, Neb.:

Please give process and approximate time for dissolving India ink.

India or Chinese ink, the pure article can only be obtained from China. A good imitation may be made with ivory black, 3round to an impalpable powder, made into a paste with weak gum arabic water, perfumed with a few drops of essence of musk and half as much essence of ambergris, and then formed into cakes.

W. B., Erie, Mich.:

1. What causes the circle around the sun?

2. In what part of the world is loadstone found?

1. The circle around the sun is called the corona, and is due to clouds of minute meteors circulating around the sun in the immediate vicinity of that luminary. The scientific explanation is as follows: The rays of light are bent from the rim into the focus; and, as the rim is deprived of these rays, it is darkened. 2. Loadstone is found in iron ore sections of the United States, but only rarely; it is found in great quantities in Scandinavia.

J. H. Johnson, Allice, Ind.:

Will the BLADE tell how finger rings first came into use?

Many of the ancients wore finger rings, usually on the fourth finger, as the sign of authority. The senators, knights, and magistrates wore them at Rome in its ancient days. One of the later emperors allowed all citizens to wear gold rings. Before that the Roman embassadors had carried rings as signs of their offices. They were worn as badges, and this was then the chief use of rings. They are now regarded as ornaments only, though the marriage and engagement ring has its peculiar signification. The custom of having a seal or signet engraved upon a ring is very ancient, but continues in some localities to the present day.

William Brayton, New Corydon, Ind.:

I would like to know if there is a standing offer or premium to anyone who will invent perpetual motion. If so, what is the amount and by whom offered? Also, state in brief whether there exists any hopes in this world of intelligent people that such a thing will ever be accomplished?

There is a general impression that some government has offered a prize for the invention of perpetual motion, but such is not the case. It is not believed by those versed in the science of mechanics that perpetual motion can be found, and any time spent in that line of thought is simply wasted. Occasionally you read of a man who has "almost perfected it," but you can rest assured that you will never hear of his having finished his task. It is contrary to all laws of mechanics.

BARROW RIDES.

St. Louis Mashers Trundle the Girls in Wheelbarrows.

St. Louis's latest society sensation has arrived in a wheelbarrow. The fashionable and proper thing just now is to take the girl of your heart or some other fellow's heart "a-wheelbarrowing." On moonlit evenings the West End presents a singular spectacle. The pedestrian, unacquainted with the goings on, is likely to get confused as he picks his way through the wheelbarrow loads of loveliness. The wheelbarrow that is employed by the young men for the pleasure of their darlings is about three feet in length of body. The handles are long and curved downwards at the ends, with rubber coverings for the protection of the wheeler's hands. The bottom of the barrow is covered with down or any soft substance that may tend to counteract the thuddy action of the wheel. Two chairs are fastened to the sides, and the lady may tuck in her skirts from dangerous proximity to the ground, while exposing no more than the faintest suggestion of her Cinderella slipper.

The season for barrowing may now be considered under full headway, and as the practice has the recognition of the very best elements of society, its continued popular spread must be conceded. "Garden parties" now give place to "barrow parties," and it is confidently expected that the sport will continue until cold weather sets in. The young society men are already vying with each other in the pursuit of barrow designs, and the painting of some, to say nothing of the fresco work on the panels, is really very pretty, in some instances positively artistic. One young gentleman of means has had the panel of his barrow decorated with a handsome painting of his young lady love, and it is likely that this graceful tribute will be speedily adopted as the method of announcing future engagements.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Great Cities.

Ancient history tells of many "great cities," but we have no definite knowledge of the number of their inhabitants, and can only arrive at the probable population of any of them by the area when ascertainable, with the known density of the people. Taking these as guides, none of the great cities of the past approach those of the present in population.

The last reliable census returns, those of 1880 and 1881, show only four cities in Europe and one in america with over 1,000,000 inhabitants; they are London, 4,769,661; Paris, 2,267,023; Berlin, 1,122,360; Vienna, 1,103,857, and New York, 1,806,590. Besides these there are four cities in Asia, Canton, Tokio, Pekin, and Nankin, that are estimated each to contain over 1,000,000 inhabitants, but the accuracy of these estimates is doubtful.

The area of London which contains the above named population, about 26 miles square. A similar area included in the city of New York would have given it in 1880 a population larger than that of Paris. The census of 1890 will probably show that Brooklyn and Philadelphia each contain more than a million people, with Chicago close up to that point. At anything like the present rate of progress, by the end of the century half a dozen other cities will have passed the line of one million, while St. Petersburg is the only probability in Europe.

A Child's Fib.

The facility of small children for inventing excuses and reeling them off by the square yard with a face as straight as a judge administering the death sentence, is something very astonishing, but once in a while the small youngster breaks the record. For instance: The entire family were visiting in the country during early June —the strawberry season. It was found necessary to place a stern code of rules in the field with regard to the strawberry bed. About noon the very young lady of about 6 years, who gave the provocation for this story, came into the house with a very suspicious redness about her lips. The maternal eye caught sight of it and pounced upon the little offender. "No, mamma, I didn't eat any strawberries," she protested stoutly. But this would not "go down," and the culprit saw that some kind of admission was necessary. According, nerving herself for a mighty effort she confessed: "Well, I did eat a little piece of the skin of one berry." But this wouldn't do, either, and the final effort reached the very climax of ingenuity. "We-well, mamma, I won't tell a 'tory; I did eat a little piece of kindling wood."

Dyspepsia

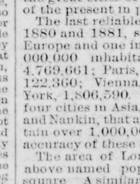
Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Short Stops.

Stop shirking your duties, says a Scotch exchange. Stop neglecting to return borrowed books. Stop indulging in more than 100 pounds of self-conceit to the square inch. Stop supposing that the world could not get along pretty well without you. Stop looking at the dark side of life. Stop giving way to fault-finding. Stop furnishing your friends with the minute particulars of your bodily ailments. Stop taking pessimistic views of men, things and the theory of the universe. Stop working too hard. Stop working not hard enough. Stop writing to famous people for their autographs. Stop procrastinating. Stop sending to newspapers "something I've just dashed off and haven't stopped to correct." Stop telling a busy man, I know you're busy, so I'll only keep you a minute," as a prelude to an hour and a half's attempt to talk his arm off.

Blood Will Tell.

The 3½-year-old Blanche Viola Pettibone, of Miles Grove, Pa., during the last Presidential campaign, was admiring her uncles as they were prepared to march. She clasped her hands and held the following soliloquy: "When—I—have—ten—boys—they'll—all—be—Plumed—Knights." Two of her great grandfathers were in the war of 1812.



BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S SKIN and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S LUNCHEON.

Dainty but Wholesome Morsels for the Little Ones' Midday Meal.

Now that schools have opened, says the New York *Evening Sun*, it is timely to call attention to that most important meal which in the majority of households receives but slight consideration—the school children's luncheons. The old adage reads that "school is a hungry place." At noon time healthy children are always famished, and the midday meal with them should invariably be a hearty one.

The households where the luncheons to be put up for scholars are considered the day before, and nice preparations are made that these shall be tempting and delicious, are in the minority.

It is the custom of some parents to give their children money to buy luncheon instead of taking the pains to plan and prepare it. The money is generally expended for what the school child calls goodies—cream cakes, pickled limes, or caramels.

The noon meal carried to school should be one of personal supervision by the housewife. In the first place, a tin lunch box, that can be daily scalded and aired, should be provided, and not a basket that soon becomes impregnated with food odors. A luncheon cannot be put in a pocket or sachel without being spoiled, or frequently broken into a conglomeration anything but appetizing. When the child opens its luncheon, if it is a surprise of good things, the fact of its having been remembered and catered to adds a relish.

Sandwiches made of ham, tongue, salt and highly spiced meats are not desirable, for they occasion thirst, which is inconvenient during the school session. Chicken, turkey, hard-boiled eggs or any fresh, tender meat make toothsome sandwiches. English bread and butter sandwiches spread with cream cheese are well liked. Boston or other brown bread spread with jelly is a dessert more wholesome than pastry.

The layer in the sandwich center is more easily eaten and can be more neatly introduced if chopped.

A delicious brown bread for sandwiches or to serve with oysters is made as follows: In a large yellow bowl scald one quart of yellow indian meal. This is done by covering the meal with boiling water sufficient to moisten it thoroughly, and then allowing it to cool until tepid. Mix it with one cup of rye meal, one teacupful of yeast, three-quarters of a cupful of molasses, a little salt, and enough tepid water to make a thin paste. Stir all together and turn into a buttered baking pan. Cover with a cloth and let rise in a warm place, when the top begins to crack open place in a moderate oven and bake four hours. This should be twelve hours old when cut for sandwiches.

One of the best luncheon relishes is celery. It should be dusted with salt and rolled in wax paper, after sprinkling with water. It is very wholesome, refreshing, and a nervine. Waxed paper is indispensable for putting up the luncheon. Sandwiches, pickles, relishes and cake are perfectly protected when covered with it. Japanese paper napkins are serviceable and agreeable for the school luncheon, for they take up but little room, and can be thrown away after using. These and the wax paper cost but a trifling sum if purchased in quantity.

The luncheon should be varied daily. Meat bread is a good substitute for sandwiches. Make a ferment of yeast and water and proceed as for ordinary bread. Incorporate thoroughly two pounds of flour and one of clear beef, chopped very fine and sprinkled with salt. During the making and baking process the meat disappears entirely, but the nutritive principles remain in the loaf.

A luncheon cake not too rich for health, but sufficiently so to be tempting, may be made with half a pound of butter, half pound of sugar, three-quarters pound of flour, five eggs and one gill of wine, and cinnamon, nutmeg and extract of rose. Bake in two shallow pans. This cake is much improved by icing. A luncheon ginger bread, liked by young folks, is made by using one and a half pounds of flour, quarter pound of butter, one pound of molasses, quarter pound of brown sugar, three eggs, quarter of a pint of cream of ginger, half ounce of allspice and one ounce of soda. Just before this is done brush the top of the cake with the yolk of an egg beaten into a half cupful of milk, return to the oven and finish baking.

A raised raisin cake is one of the best for luncheon. Two pounds of flour, half pound sugar, half pound butter, six eggs, three-fourths of a pint of water, one pound seeded raisins, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one gill of yeast. Wet a sponge with a portion of the flour, the yeast and the water, letting it stand three hours. Add the other ingredients, melting the butter and beating separately the yolks and whites of the eggs. Before making into a dough with the flour let it rise again one hour. Then mould into pans and bake slowly. When done and cool, sift heavily over the loaf powdered sugar.

Storing Sweet Potatoes.

Many persons in the North raise a small patch of sweet potatoes yearly, but not enough to last the family over winter. The reason is they do not know how. To save in good condition they must be fairly well ripened, and lifted from the ground before the vines are killed by frost, or if not, the vines must be cut close to the ground immediately after the first touch by the frost, a little earth thrown over the crowns and then the potatoes should be lifted from the soil, without bruising, on the first sunny day. Then let the potatoes dry in the sun, and then place in covered piles where they may sweat slightly, but on no account allow them to get chilled. They may be carefully packed in barrels or other suitable packages, to be moved, always being careful not to bruise them. Pack them away in thoroughly dry leaves, or in sand somewhere where the temperature will not vary more than between 50 or 60 degrees. A corner of the kitchen or other room where there is no danger of freezing, will do. We have had no difficulty in thus keeping sweet potatoes perfectly until spring.

The *Southern Farm* give the following as an acceptable means of preserving this esculent in the South, which we excerpt, for the benefit of our numerous readers in other and warm regions where the *Farm, Field and Stockman* circulates:

The sweet potato harvest should begin immediately after the first decisive frost. The vines are dragged off with an ordinary turning plow, barely letting it into the ground between the rows. After this the tubers are lifted with a potato digger, in the absence of these useful implements, the work can be done fairly well with a turning plow, though greater care must be used in picking up the potatoes, as the turning plow will cover up a good many.

The usual mode of putting up sweet potatoes in the South, is in banks or conical heaps, containing from 30 to 150 bushels each. The smaller ones are picked out and put in a separate bank for seed. After piling up the crop evenly, the heaps are covered with a layer of dry cornstalks, or with litter, and then with earth, which need not be more than an inch and a half thick at harvest time, but which should be gradually increased to four or six inches as winter advances.

Potato houses are used by some growers in preference to banking the tubers. When made with double walls, with sawdust well packed between the walls, the cold is effectually excluded. Such a potato house may be partitioned off into bins holding from 20 to 50 bushels each, in which the tubers can be stored away in dry sand.

When banking sweet potatoes, either in a potato house or under an open shed, it is very important to leave an opening of six or eight inches at the top of the bank for ventilation. Soon after being dug potatoes seem to undergo a sweating process, which will cause rot if the air is excluded. In cold weather this aperture has to be closed with an armful of straw or hay.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

One Way a Girl Gains Piquancy.

"Oh! if I were only a man." Then she tossed her head, tightly closed her ruby lips and nervously patted her shapely foot on the senseless pavement. She looked so beautiful that the only man who heard her remark devoutly thanked heaven that she was a woman. No man living can look as pretty as she did at that moment, nor pat his foot as significantly, nor get as much expression in his lips. Were he to become as impatient as she was he would swear right out and kick around at a great rate. You see he is not built on the same plan, and is not under so great restraint as she is; therefore he acts differently.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Removing a Serious Obstruction Gently.

Dynamite and giant powder might answer admirably to remove obstructions from Hell Gate, in East River, New York, but explosive measures in medication are ever attended with disastrous consequences. For instance, the bowels cannot be violently drenched with safety, nor is there the slightest necessity for so doing. On the contrary, it is most unwise. None but the purblind adherents of antiquated theories in medicine advise or sanction such a course. To weaken the intestines—the effect of drastic purgation—is to compromise the health of the entire system. With Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, on the other hand, the bowels are relaxed, not by a convulsion of nature approximating to an eruption of Mt. Popocatapetl, but gradually, beneficially, without wrenching or drenching. The liver and stomach, as well as the bowels, are toned and benefitted by it.

MANNER DOES IT.

Yes, It Does, Every Time—Four Women Who Prove It.

A woman's surest charm is her manner. No one ever saw an old maid who was high-bred, dashing and direct. She may be sweet and amiable, but she lacks the peculiar charm of graciousness and insistence, else she could never be an old maid. Mankind would forbid it.

I once saw Blanche Roosevelt lift a man from a dusty business street into a half heaven of gratified complacency by a few words and a soft and mellow look from her big blue eyes. It was on Park row, and she had just stepped into her carriage when a sturdy young fellow saw an old woman pause and stagger in front of a team of horses. She was on crutches. We all saw her. There was no real danger. No one moved for a moment, and we stood staring at her with the stolidity born of the muggy heat, when the sturdy young man jumped forward, took her in his arms, and carried her quietly to the walk. Then he colored and looked ashamed. The woman thanked him awkwardly with a trembling lip, and he nodded half surlily and started on, but before he had gone a dozen steps Blanche Roosevelt jumped from the carriage and running up to the red faced youth seized one of his hands and gave an ecstatic little squeeze. He turned and found a woman's face looking into his. It was a wonderfully expressive face. The eyes spoke volumes. He looked into them and seemed transfixed. Miss Roosevelt smiled, and said in a soft voice, as though whispering to the baby:

"You're a good fellow, you are—a good fellow."

Then she dashed back into the carriage, while the man's chest swelled out and he stood looking after her, breathing in verit able gnips.

"He'll be aghast with delight for a week," I said as I closed the carriage door.

"Do you know what he is?" said the girl, peeping back at him as he stood peering hotly after her. He's a hero—if he does turn in his toes."

One day a youth of great frankness and good humor was introduced to Mrs. Langtry. He looked into the cool depths of her clear gray eyes for a moment and then said:

"You had a tremendous effect on me the first night I saw you, Mrs. Langtry."

"Did I?" said Lilly, musically.

"I was strolling down town on a very snappy November day two years ago, when I glanced up suddenly and met your eyes. They were looking directly into mine. You were a green velvet gown and your cheeks were red from the brisk breeze. I halted involuntarily and gazed a thousand miles into your eyes, and then pulled myself together and made an awkward apology for my rudeness. I didn't know anything during the next ten minutes, but when I came to I was about half a mile beyond, and thrashing ahead in a style that would have dismayed an express train." He stopped, half breathlessly, and then added: "I'm rushing ahead rather fast now, eh?"

"Rawther," said the Lily, amusedly.

"Well, my object in telling you about it is to apologize for staring at you so hard."

"I remember the incident very well," said Mrs. Langtry, "and it doesn't require an apology at all. Women adore such affronts as that."

She kept smiling at the man as she talked with such an air of thorough good nature and good fellowship that she reduced him in a twinkling to the same extraordinary condition that had characterized him when he made the run after he had looked a thousand miles into her eyes that November day.

The girl with the taking manner wins from one end of the earth to the other. Ada Rehan owes her fame to it, and Edith Kingdon won the sum of $200,000,000 without effort because she was mild, affectionate, and had a way of talking to men that made them feel like heroes before she had said a dozen words. It is amazing to see how few women there are blessed with the rarest and most valuable of gifts.

Trying to Get Rich Too Fast.

The natural desire of almost every one is to accomplish much and to do it quickly, to get riches quickly without much labor. Industry furnishes the only trade and honorable means for acquiring money, and prudence the way to take care of it. If men will reflect on their past lives, they will find that, had they saved in little sums, from the penny to the dime, that were unnecessarily spent, they might now be possessed of fortunes. The old Italian proverbs contained in the following lines illustrate precepts worthy of close following:

"Never do by proxy what you can do for yourself."

"Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day."

"Never neglect small matters and expenses."

We will add the fourth: Never spend all your income, but lay aside some part of it.

Method in business is attainable by any one, no matter how small their capacity or experience. We see men who are dull, plodding and phlegmatic, who accomplish or dispatch a great deal of work, while those regarded as very bright are easily puzzled. Method is the applied rule that overcomes this.

All projects or devices for growing rich quickly very naturally operate violently on our passions, and frequently pass the mind that the effect is to discourage and despise the slow legitimate ways and gains made by honest industry. Those who make money rapidly, as a rule, spend it quickly. Great chances involve great losses. Large interests on money are gauged by great risks, and possibly loss of the principal. A history of Wall street illustrates this, as well as the lives of all speculators, whether they be in dry goods, stocks, or other lines of business. The worker, the prudent, careful man, who lays his plans carefully, in time grows rich.

Oh! That Headache!

"How I am tormented with this continual headache. It is ache! ache! ache! morning, noon and night. Sick headache, too, with its terrible restless slumber and the first sensation at return of consciousness. It is the terror and torment of my life, and there seems no promise of an end to it while the lamp of life continues to burn. Oh, dear me! I must go mad. I move about in my anguish or must lie prostrate and helpless in my agony, with the sole pity, yet, no! not sick; only has the headache. But what other name can I give to my relief. Oh, no, must I pursue this path of persistent pain. No help, no comfort, no relief. The toothache may be ended by extracting the tooth, but where is the good surgeon that can extract the aching head to put it in a bottle?"

The safe and best way is to reach the fountain of life, put it in as healthy condition as possible, strengthen and revitalize it so that it may correct the disordered member and give nature the chance to reassert itself. This has been tried very successfully in hundreds of cases and found to be of permanent relief. One of the good virtues of the Compound Oxygen Treatment is that it does not palliate the stomach for the pretended purpose of attacking a specific disease, but increases the vital powers so that nature may repel the invader.

For full information write Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for one of their little books called "Compound Oxygen; Its Mode of Action and Results," which they will send free upon application, also their monograph on headaches.

The Women Get Up Early.

I saw a card on the desk of a clerk of a hotel the other day. It was headed "Call Book," and the hours written down its left hand side began at 4 and ended at 6:30. Opposite the figures were the words: "Firemen," "scrub-women," "porters," "chambermaids," "housekeeper," etc. If all New York had a call card, the names opposite the first numbers would be all feminine, like this: "4:30, 5, 5:30—call the servant girls, shop-girls, factory girls, cooks, scrub-women, cash girls and the chambermaids." But whether it is in the hotels or in the streets it is the women that make the first bustle, mopping the marble floors of the hotel lobbies and halls, sweeping the sidewalks, washing windows, opening the doors and shutters, and finally pouring into the avenues and the horsecars by the thousands with their eyes staring and glassy and their complexions colorless, with that peculiar glassiness and waxiness women reveal when they are first out of bed. New York seems like a city of women at 6 o'clock in the morning. There are then 25 of the tender sex to every man in the streets and cars.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mexican War Veteran.

The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rheumatism and all blood diseases, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case affords. The candid, unsolicited and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentleman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentleman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owes his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night clerk of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

JACKSON, MISS., April 29, 1887.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the 1st of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walked on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but its shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be confined either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for eleven years and seven months—that is from March 1, 1875, when I was first attacked, to October 1, 1886, when I was cured. During these eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and tried everything suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken internally or externally, I failed to discover it. Finally, about the first of September, I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy. While I expected to have

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 114,000.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

The gravest problem in municipal government is to secure honest and economical administration. Our great and rapidly-growing cities are obliged to spend very large sums for public improvements of various kinds; and wherever public money is to be spent, there we may be sure we will find men anxious to have a hand in the business. For somehow there has grown up a false code of honesty in the public mind; the thief who steals outright from a private citizen is condemned and punished, while he who steals from the treasury through cunning contracts, sharp practice in bidding, and other schemes unfortunately far too familiar, suffers no loss of social or business standing.

The opportunities of many municipal office-holders to obtain profit out of office-holding, has led dishonest and disreputable men to seek such positions with eagerness; and the saloon has been the most potent influence by which they could compass their wishes. The result has been that there is not one of the larger cities of the land but has become the victim of an organized scheme of plunder. The erection of public buildings, the paving of streets, and every other municipal improvement has been made to cost far more than it would had it been done for a private individual; and our total municipal debt is many millions greater than it would otherwise be, on account of these wholesale stealings.

It has become common for men who are notoriously corrupt to seek and obtain office in our great cities. They do not appeal to the honest, respectable classes for their support; they know that this would be unavailing. But they turn to the saloons, and through their means control the ignorant and degraded, and the distinctively vicious classes of the community—classes whose numerical strength would not be so great were it not for the saloons themselves. Rum is the parent of poverty, ignorance, vice and degradation; and where the saloon flourishes most, there we find the greatest number of these dangerous classes.

The Rum Power has not been slow to recognize the power it thus wields in politics. The men who are rivals for the saloon support have courted and coddled the Rum Power to obtain place, until it has become fully cognizant that it can control municipal politics. And it has not been slow to make the most of this advantage. No man, as a rule, who is known to be an active opponent of the Rum Power can obtain municipal office of any kind. If he cannot be defeated for nomination in the caucuses, he is overthrown at the polls. Hence men who in their hearts resent the tyranny, are nevertheless compelled, by their own political ambition, to keep silent, and even if they do not do the bidding of the Rum Power will not actively oppose it, knowing that the knell of their aspirations will be struck by the first show of opposition on their own part.

This has gone on until the dangers of this growing supremacy of the Rum Power has become clearly apparent. The saloonists and their allies have so centralized their power, and are so conscious of their strength, that in many of our cities they bid defiance to all law, wherever it may interfere with their schemes of profit and plunder. They are willing that all laws shall be strictly enforced except those which concern themselves. They regard themselves as a privileged class—as above and beyond all law. There is not a liquor law upon the statute books of any state or any city that they will not disregard. They feel secure in their law-breaking, because they know the power they wield in politics. The official who does enforce the law against them will be driven from power at the next election. They feel themselves stronger than the sentiment in favor of law and order, and hence ignore whatever laws they may choose, with impunity. They even have abrogated the Fourth Commandment, because Sunday is one of the best days in the whole week wherein to sell Rum.

So universal is this disregard of law by the Rum Power, so fully is it recognized, that it is even made an argument against the enactment of restrictive laws. The most oft-reiterated plea against Prohibition is, "Oh, you can't enforce the law!" Things have come to a sad pass, indeed, in this land, when a class of the community has become so defiant that citizens give its lawlessness as a reason for the non-enactment of legislation!

The Rum Power is one of the two parties responsible for this state of things. The other is the people themselves. They have been playing the role of cowards in this struggle, and have allowed the infernal tyranny of the Rum Power full swing. It is time for an awakening, and we are glad to see the signs of its coming. The Rum Power has gotten too arrogant. It has driven things with too high a hand. A reaction is setting in rapidly against the domination of the saloon in politics; and in this awakening of public sentiment against those infernal breathing-holes of hell, the saloons, we see another factor that will prove efficient in the grand struggle to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

IN the "good old times" of low tariff, a bushel of wheat would buy two yards of calico; now it will buy fifteen to twenty. Then a bushel of corn would buy one pound of nails; now it will buy ten pounds. Then it took the price of a good cow to buy a pair of blankets; now the price of an ordinary cow will buy six pairs of better goods. It is well to consider these things before casting your vote in favor of a policy which will bring these "good old Democratic times" back again.

ST. LOUIS is full of Grand Army veterans, and the indications are for a magnificent and harmonious time.

THE DYNAMITE GUN.

By the invention of the Monitor, the United States revolutionized the navies of the world. The "wooden walls" of England, and of all nations, were shown to be worthless, and then began the rivalry between armor plate and rifled ordnance—on the one hand to produce an armored vessel that would resist the heaviest guns, and on the other to increase the power and size of the latter to pierce the heaviest armor that can float. The limit as regards armored vessels has apparently been reached. The strongest and best now afloat are very unwieldy, and have sacrificed speed to strength to as great a degree as seems practically advisable.

Now comes another Yankee invention that is again to revolutionize naval warfare. Lieutenant ZALINSKI has invented a gun, operated by compressed air instead of gunpowder, which throws a shell containing sixty pounds of "explosive gelatine"—a highly concentrated form of dynamite—a distance of a mile and a half. At the test made in the presence of Secretary WHITNEY, Major General SCHOFIELD, and a large number of army and navy officers, at New York harbor last week, the Zalinski gun was completely successful. A condemned coast survey schooner was the target, a mile and a half away. Two discharges reduced the vessel to a mass of splinters; and had it been one of the best armored vessels now afloat, those two shots would have sent it to the bottom.

The gun itself is an easily constructed affair, cumbrous in shape, but so simple that, it is estimated, six guns of the sort could be built and put in a battery while one heavy gun was being constructed and mounted. At this test Lieutenant ZALINSKI threw but a sixty-pound projectile, whereas his gun will throw a one hundred pound one easily; and he is constructing another gun which will safely discharge to a distance of two miles, 600 pounds of this highly explosive compound. Accuracy of fire is more easily obtained with these than with the ordinary gun. With a battery of these terrible engines in successful operation, the destruction of a fleet of ironclads might be but a matter of a few minutes' time.

The dynamite gun constructed by the United States government, under the supervision of ZALINSKI—who is, by the way, a first lieutenant in the Fifth artillery, a native of Poland and an appointee of 1865 from the volunteer army—was invented by a man named MEFFORD in 1833. It consists, as improved by Lieut. ZALINSKI, of a long tube of wrought iron, eight inches in diameter, the inside being lined with one-eighth-inch seamless brass tubing. It is mounted upon a sort of platform, and the engine for supplying compressed air is under cover a short distance away. A pressure of 1,000 pounds is used, with a gentle initial action to prevent explosions. The use of gunpowder to discharge high explosives has been found by European experiments to be invariably dangerous and destructive to the guns. The dynamite explosive must be started slowly, in a barrel long enough to give it the required velocity. The shell is exploded by means of an electrical primer, giving a number of centres of impact. The accuracy of fire of this gun is established beyond dispute.

FREE TRADE FOOLISHNESS.

It is a wonder some of the free trade papers don't declare that the drouth the past summer in the Northwest was the result of the tariff. Almost everything that happens is attributed to that cause nowadays. The last example of this silliness that has come under our notice is the ridiculous claim that the strikes this year are caused by the tariff. Let us see. About one-half of them were brought on by the effort to have the labor organizations control the matter of employing workmen, like the street car strike in Cincinnati the other day, which was made because two men had been discharged for incompetency, or idleness, or some similar cause, and it was attempted to have them reinstated. How can the tariff be charged with such strikes? The remaining half was an effort to get higher wages or shorter hours. As it is a fact, admitted even by the more honest free trade papers, that to eliminate the protective feature of the tariff means a cutting down of the wages of workingmen, what would be the effect on the number of strikes for higher wages? Manifestly they would be largely increased; and it is also plain that there would be far less chance of success. The free trade shriekers who are attributing the strikes to the tariff are either fools themselves or else take their readers to be fools.

GOV. LUCE, of Michigan, told a reporter last Friday that he has found a strong and widespread sentiment among the farmers of Michigan favoring the nomination of ROBERT LINCOLN for the Presidency. Next to BLAINE, Gov. LUCE said, LINCOLN has the most friends. The governor knows what he is talking about, for he has spent a large part of his time since the legislature closed in circulating among the farmers and merchants of the state, and met hundreds of representative men of Michigan during the state fair. Gov. LUCE continued:

I find that Mr. Cleveland has hurt himself very much by his pension vetoes. I come in contact with many Grand Army men of both parties, and I find this sentiment, that no man who has fought honestly in the war should be allowed to go to the poor-house. I think President Cleveland hurt himself greatly by the sarcastic tone of his veto message, and because of that fact many Democratic soldiers will oppose him if he runs again.

THE increasing volume of fall trade increases the demand for money, as the movements of grain and other crops from the producers to the markets increase, as miscellaneous merchandise moves in larger volumes, and as the manufacturing interests feel the stimulus of increased demand. The unprecedented scale of railroad construction has been diverting from its ordinary channels immense sums of money; and as this construction is going at a rate 6,000 miles greater for the year than the average, the cost of that part is wholly extraordinary. That part of it about represents a demand for $125,000,000 of capital. So it will be seen that the stringency in the money market at this time is due to healthy natural causes, and not to illegitimate speculation.

THE Atlanta, Ga., *Defiance*, an organ of the colored race, has this strong appeal for the nomination of ROBERT T. LINCOLN for the Presidency next year:

There is not a colored man in the entire South but that would not only vote, but would also be an enthusiastic worker for the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln as the Republican nominee for President.

What is necessary in a national campaign is enthusiasm, and a heap of it. Well, Mr. Lincoln's honored, stainless name would touch deeply the colored man's gratitude.

He knows who gave him back his wife and children, and who, by the Emancipation Proclamation wrote the freedom of the colored race; United States Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, may swing "suffrage to the negro is a signal failure," but if the Republican party will only give us Bob Lincoln as the Presidential nominee, we will present somebody with a happy surprise, and make Cleveland wish "negro suffrage was a failure."

THE New York *Herald* is displeased with the President over the page interview recently accorded the *World*, and publishes an editorial which is probably to be construed as an intimation that the executive must choose between the *World* and JAMES GORDON BENNETT for first choice in the matter of an organ. The *Herald* winds up its sarcastic utterance by a proposal of CLEVELAND and BALLARD SMITH (the author of the interview) as the Democratic ticket in 1888.

"TARIFF for revenue only" means that American workingmen and American manufacturers shall be ruined to make fat the pockets of foreign manufacturers.

TIGHT MONEY.

The gradual improvement in all trade conditions has brought the financial centers to a scarcity of money. Two years ago, there were at least $70,000,000 of capital lying idle in the New York banks, and large sums in the bank-vaults of the other cities of the land. This has all gone into the extension of business, and there is stringency in the money market.

This money has been used in the enormous extension of our railway system the present year, the great amount of building that has been done, the expansion of business, and in real estate speculation. These various factors have not only absorbed the immense sums lying idle two years ago, but an additional $70,000,000 of currency, besides the vast sums from Europe coming hither to seek profitable investment.

The stress is greatest in New York. The bank reserves are very low, and these institutions will not discount the best mercantile paper at less than 7 and 8 per cent. This causes a heavy draft on the deposits in these banks, and the struggle to keep up the reserves is thus made doubly difficult because of the decrease of deposits. It is to be considered, however, that this tightness of money is greater in New York than elsewhere. Capital is accumulating in the West, and the demand for money is not so sharp at interior points, because the enormous sums which have been drawn from New York has been largely distributed at the centers of activity in the West and South.

The treasury has stepped in to relieve the stringency by offering to buy bonds with the surplus. Instead of asking for offers to sell, it announces that it will purchase 4½ bonds of 1891 and 4 per cents of 1907, to the extent of $14,000,000, on these terms: The 4½ bonds will be accepted at 108 4-10 from now until October 8, and the 4 per cent. bonds during the remainder of September at 125, and from October 1 to October 8 at 124, these prices including accrued interest to date of purchase. The interest on the October coupons, amounting to $6,500,000, will be paid on the 26th inst., without rebate. This action will add $20,500,000 to the circulating medium, and the offers of bonds already made show that the whole sum will speedily be taken up.

Making all possible deductions that the cautious and conservative financier could wish for the absolute safety of the government financially, there are to-day at least $45,000,000 of idle money hoarded in the treasury vaults at Washington. This sum can all be spent in the purchase and retirement of outstanding bonds not yet subject to call. The secretary of the Treasury has ample power, under the law, to apply it in this way. The treasury surplus was harped upon by Democratic stumpers and newspapers during the campaign of 1884, and was a factor in the election of CLEVELAND. The promise was made that the surplus—then much less than it is now—should be disposed of promptly. Yet two annual sessions of Congress have passed since this administration came into power, and the Democratic majority in Congress has shown itself utterly incapable of formulating a financial policy, or of disposing of the surplus.

SOME of the Washington correspondents are saying that there is a scheme on foot among some Eastern Republican leaders to spring Gen. PHIL SHERIDAN as a Presidential candidate. "LITTLE PHIL" would run splendidly among the soldier boys, and would make, doubtless, an excellent President, as he possesses executive ability of a high order. But it would be impossible to elect him, because of the distrust which is exhibited by very many people in the United States to the Roman Catholic church. SHERIDAN was brought up in that faith, and his old mother, who still lives where her illustrious son was born, at Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, is a strict member of the Catholic church, and has been such all her life. It is a prejudice which would prevent his election.

IT may be interesting to many readers to know where and how the United States bonds are held. Not counting the national banks and foreign holders, the number of persons and corporations receiving interest from registered bonds in the year 1880 was 80,802. The table included $300,000,000 of bonds that have since been paid off. So the number of holders must have been considerably reduced, perhaps to 50,000. Of these holders, 25,613 held between $50 and $500 each, and 51,841 held less than $2,500 each. The New England states held 17 per cent. of the whole, the Middle states 67 per cent., the Western states 13 per cent., and the Southern states 3 per cent.

GROVER'S grand second-term electioneering "swing round the circle" is officially announced to begin on Friday, September 30. We are glad, by the way, that CLEVELAND rises superior to the foolish old superstition about beginning any great undertaking on Friday. The royal party, consisting of his majesty, GROVER 1; the Queen consort, FRANKIE; the Groom of the Back Stairs, Col. DAN LAMONT; "SHAN" BISSELL, of Buffalo, CLEVELAND'S old law partner; and a Dr. BRYANT, will leave Washington at 10 a. m. on the date above given, for the wild and woolly West, and return on October 22, at 6 p. m., if the thing works right.

THE admirers of ROBERT T. LINCOLN in Pittsburg are making arrangements to organize a Lincoln club, to push him forward for the Republican Presidential nomination. The ball is rolling on. The masses of the Republican party are waking up to the fact that times are changing, and issues with them; and while they abate not one jot of their loyalty to the Union, not one iota of their affection for the men who wore the blue, they see that the battle of 1888 must be fought upon living issues and with commanders who are *en rapport* with the spirit of the new era.

A COMPARISON of the market values of 34 of the active stocks on Wall street, three months ago, with their selling prices during the "tight money" days last week, shows a shrinkage of $261,000,000 on the entire capitalization. That is, if the entire $1,400,000,000 of capital represented by the par value of these 34 stocks had been sold ninety days ago, and again at the point of greatest depression, the loss would have been $261,000,000.

THE Republican papers of New York are quoting extensively this paragraph from Gov. HILL'S message last winter to the state senate, nominating Col. FRED GRANT for quarantine commissioner at New York city:

The nominations [of Col. Fred Grant and Dr. Phelps] which I had the honor of recently making to the senate are honest, competent and deserving men, possessing the confidence of the people, without distinction of party.

THE New Jersey Democrats are panic-stricken over the refusal of Senator MCPHERSON to run for United States Senator, he having written a letter to that effect. Outside of MCPHERSON there is no one in the party ranks capable of making the senatorial fight against WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

SECRETARY BAYARD is the only member of the Cabinet at present in Washington. Now listen for the yell from the Democratic press about "junketing" and "neglecting public business," that followed every Republican official's absence from Washington, at any time since 1861!!

MR. RANDALL is reported as saying that, if he wished, he could prevent the renomination of CLEVELAND. We hope he won't do it. The Republicans of the country desire to have the pleasure of preventing CLEVELAND'S re-election.

THE PENSION REPORT.

The BLADE has received the annual report of the commissioner of Pensions for 1887. There is much in it of interest, aside from the details of the year's business. It opens with a clear statement of the workings of the Pension Bureau, illustrated by a sketch of the progress of a case through it. Brief statements of the pension systems of foreign countries are also included.

From the statistical portion of the report, we extract the following items: There were, at the close of the fiscal year (June 30), 406,007 pensions, classified as follows: Army invalids, 294,445; army widows, minor children and dependent relatives, 85,010; navy invalids, 3,281; navy widows, minor children and dependent relatives, 1,973; survivors of the war of 1812, 1,069; widows of those who served in that war, 11,831; survivors of the war with Mexico, 7,503; widows of those who served in said war, 895. There were added to the rolls during the year the names of 53,194 new pensioners, and the names of 2,707, whose pensions had been previously dropped, were restored to the rolls. During the same period the names of 15,677 pensioners were dropped from the rolls for various causes.

The average annual value of each pension at the close of the year is shown by the commissioner to be $130.10, a gain of average annual value over last year of $7.87. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $73,463,581, an increase in amount over the previous year of $9,669,750. The amount paid to 44,619 new pensioners during the year upon first payment was $26,166,890, and there remained in the hands of the several pension agents $14,683 of this class unpaid at the close of business on June 30, on which there was due $3,924,783. It appears that in the aggregate 1,091,200 pension claims have been filed since 1861, and during that period 676,948 claims of all classes have been allowed. During the past year 55,194 original certificates were issued, a greater number than were ever before issued in a single year.

The commissioner makes a number of quite important suggestions for legislation concerning pensions, among which are the following: That the allowance of $2 per month to minor children be increased to $5 per month; that the act of June 16, 1880, be so amended as to permit the benefits of the act to be extended to those who, subsequent to the date of its approval, from aggravation of their malady may become helpless; that the existing law that a widow's pension certificate can only bear date from the day on which she files her application should be amended to allow the commencement of the pension to date from the death of the husband, the other conditions required by the law being present; that Section 4713 of the Revised Statutes be amended so as to prohibit the payment of more than one pension to the same person; that the law requiring a pension to be graded according to the rank of the claimant at the time the injury was received should be amended so that the rank subsequently acquired *bona fide* may be considered by the commissioner in determining the amount of pension to be allowed; that the present rate for deafness should be increased by law to $30 per month for total deafness, with the lower grades to be determined according to the degree of disability; that discretion should be lodged in the commissioner in correcting discrepancies in rates of pension for loss of limbs; that the law be amended so that the commissioner shall be authorized to pay the pension to the wife of a pensioner, or to a suitable person on behalf of is children when the habits of the pensioner show him to be an unfit person to receive or disburse the pension. The commissioner also asks for two additional chiefs of divisions, and 100 additional clerks.

JOHN ROACH JUSTIFIED.

Secretary WHITNEY seems to be finding out that the Roach cruisers are really good ships. The mean horse-power developed by the Boston in the first trial trip is approximately estimated at 3,900, or 400 more than the contract required. The maximum is nearly 4,000. No attempt was made to obtain a maximum speed, as the object of the trial was to test the working power of the engines. As there was a steady run of 14½ knots, with 15½ knots at times, it may safely be assumed that the ship will average 15 knots, and under the most favorable conditions make 16 knots.

The secretary has always laid great stress upon horse-power, having condemned the Dolphin for a deficiency of 60 units, although the vessel exceeded the required speed and was structurally strong. He was not wholly satisfied with the Atlanta, since, while unexpectedly fast, she did not develop every unit of horse-power contracted for. The Boston apparently will be acceptable in all respects, since the horse-power is a long way in excess of requirements. The designers did not promise a greater speed than 14 knots. The ship will do much better than that if the horse-power ran up to 3,900 or 4,000.

This is entirely unexpected by the Navy department, and to those whose first object is to make political capital it is not altogether an agreeable surprise. Excess of horse-power has been carefully provided for in the second series of cruisers, but it was not anticipated in the Boston. When the contract was made for the Baltimore the horse-power was scaled down to 9,000, although the English plans called for 10,750. Indeed the ship will not be rejected unless the horse-power falls below 8,000. The same secretary who considered a meagre deficiency of 60 fatal in the Dolphin, allowed his own contractor a margin of 2,750 in the Baltimore. If the engines which were designed to develop 10,750 exceed 9,000 the secretary will probably be overwhelmed with feelings of satisfaction. At the same time the contractor will receive large premiums for the artificial surplus. But the Boston's excess is clear honest gain over that designed.

THE friends of the Prohibitory constitutional amendment in Tennessee are very hopeful of the issue of Thursday's contest. There are about 325,000 voters in the state, of whom 75,000 are colored and 10,000 foreign-born. The following is the estimate of the friends of the amendment:

	White.	Colored.	Total.
For Prohibition	115,000	15,000	130,000
Against	75,000	45,000	120,000
Majority estimated for Prohibition			10,000

On the other hand the Rum advocates estimate the vote against the amendment as follows:

White	100,000
Colored	50,000
Total	150,000

Which would lose the amendment by 50,000. Next Thursday will show which is the most nearly correct in estimating.

FRED DOUGLASS was welcomed home to Washington city by an audience numbering about 2,000 people, at the A. M. E. Metropolitan church, on Thursday evening last. During the speech-making, Rev. Mr. STEWART, the pastor of the church, made an address in which he nominated ROBERT T. LINCOLN for the Presidency, which was loudly applauded.

IT is a significant fact that the Massachusetts Democracy have "gone back" on CLEVELAND. The recent state convention of the party chose the four delegates-at-large to next year's Democratic national convention, all of whom are pronounced anti-CLEVELAND men. The only candidate or delegate who was a pronounced CLEVELAND man was defeated with emphasis.

"RANCOROUS INDECENCY."

A Democratic paper, noted for its fulsome flattery of President CLEVELAND, makes the following editorial remark:

There is something remarkable in the rancorous indecency with which the petty organs of the Republican party pursue President Cleveland. Criticism and condemnation of his policy and his public acts were to be expected, but not content with this, these wretched defamers assail him personally, the charge of being an ignoramus being about the mildest they bring against him.

Our Democratic friend has a short memory. Who of the line of Republican President from the martyred LINCOLN to General ARTHUR, was ever treated with anything but indecency and the vilest abuse, by the Democratic press? CLEVELAND has been better treated by Republican newspapers than ever a Republican President was treated by the Democratic editors. The "rancorous indecency" of which our contemporary speaks is a figment of the imagination. CLEVELAND has been sharply criticised in his official capacity, but his personal character and private life have very rarely been touched upon.

Let us turn back the pages of history, and see how the Democratic press has treated Republican Presidents. LINCOLN was called an "ape," a "gorilla," a "petty clown, jesting while death mowed down the soldiers;" he was stigmatized as a "tyrant," an "usurper," a "subverter of the constitution;" in fact, we could fill a column with the villainous abuse of LINCOLN by the copperhead press. GRANT was a "butcher," a "drunken brute," emulous of playing the role of CÆSAR; he was pictured as driving about with bull pups by his side on the seat of his buggy; there was nothing too vile to say of the greatest military genius the country has ever produced.

HAYES was the target of unstinted and undeserved abuse, and leading Democratic papers have not yet ceased their vile attacks upon him in his retirement—an example of "rancorous indecency" that no Republican paper in the country would ever be guilty of. GARFIELD was abused up to the time the villain GUITEAU fired the fatal shot; and ARTHUR was made the inheritor of the venom of the Democratic press. Nor were the wives of the Presidents spared. Mrs. LINCOLN was abused most shamefully because she gave a party at the White House. It was headlined as "The Dance of Death," and there was much space wasted in descanting upon the enormity of the lady of the White House entertaining company in the midst of a great war. There was more or less of sneering comment on the social relations of all the Republican Presidents by the Democratic press—a vicious example of "rancorous indecency" which, we are glad to say, has not been followed by the Republican newspapers in their treatment of Mrs. CLEVELAND. Our Democratic contemporary has only to refer to its files from 1861 to 1884 to amply prove all that we have rehearsed above.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE beauties of Democratic "reform" are illustrated by the methods that party uses to intrench itself in power when given a chance. The Baltimore Civil Service Reform association finds not less than 25,000 illegally registered voters in that city. It is such bogus registration which makes Senator GORMAN'S intrenchments, within which HIGGINS feels so at home. And this is the sort of devilry they propose to use Ohio, if they can carry the General Assembly this fall. The infernal gang that now is on top, and leading the Ohio Democrats by the nose, proposes to gag the state by fraud, so that Democracy shall be perpetuated in national power.

WHEN the tariff bill of 1883 was before the Senate, Mr. SHERMAN moved to strike out the proposed reduction on wool. His motion was defeated by a close vote. Every Democratic Senator voted "no," and it was lost. Then came the question on voting for the entire bill. It was in the closing hours of the Congress. There was no time to argue the question. Either the friends of the bill had to vote for it with the objectionable reduction, or vote against it and defeat the bill. Mr. SHERMAN and the Republicans voted for the bill, as they should have done. That is all there is in that matter.

THE Chicago *Tribune* has the following exposition of Mrs. CLEVELAND'S lack of tact on meeting Governor and Mrs. FORAKER:

Evidently Mrs. Cleveland supposed that Forsker got her husband into the rebel-flag scrape, and, with the natural enthusiasm and devotion of a young wife, she proposed to resent the action of the Ohio governor. Perhaps she got this idea from Dan Lamont or from some disjointed remarks dropped by the President himself. Mr Cleveland can now see his error. He should have explained to Mrs. Cleveland that he was led into the battle-flag blunder by Drum, Endicott and Bayard, and that the only part Foraker had in the matter was to stop the proceedings before it was everlastingly too late. Forsker had nothing to do with getting the President into the scrape—all he did was to intervene and get him out at the last moment.

IT is understood that a strong effort will be made in the next Congress to secure a repeal of the tonnage dues which have weighed so heavily upon American shipping. The effort will probably be made in the line of re-enacting the law of 1830, which provided that no dues should be levied on United States vessels when the officers and two-thirds of the crew were citizens of the republic; and none upon the vessels of foreign nations which impose no tonnage or lighthouse dues on American ships.

THE broad ground should be taken by appellate courts wherein the life or liberty of a person is involved, should be, not whether a technical error has been committed by the lower court, but whether those errors have caused any injustice to be done to the prisoner. This is the ground taken by one of the judges of the supreme court of Illinois in the cases of the seven anarchists, and it is the proper attitude. There are too many criminals escape their just deserts through such means.

THE business talent of this "reform" administration was clearly shown at the Brooklyn navy yard the other day. Among the stores sacrificed at the recent auction there was a large quantity of *lignum vitæ*. Now it is found that the stock in question is wanted to repair a vessel, and it must be purchased—perhaps from the purchaser at the recent sale—at market rates. If that is a fair sample of administration financiering, the treasury surplus may all be needed yet.

THE protective tariff equalizes the cost of production between America and Europe. European labor is paid a much lower rate of wages than prevails here. The alternative, should a "revenue tariff only" be adopted, would be to either shut up American shops and throw tens of thousands of employes out of work; or to reduce their wages to the European standard. Which do you prefer, American workingmen?

AND now comes Milwaukee with a little celebration of her own. Next month she will celebrate the discovery of America of LEIF, the Scandinavian, in the year of 985, and unveil a statue erected to his memory. LEIF would enjoy much greater distinction had he possessed the pluck to land on the North Atlantic coast and plant a colony.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The Washington *Critic*, which is a sort of political free-lance, in speaking of the recent Massachusetts Democratic convention in its editorial columns, says:

The civil service plank of the platform states with candor and conciseness the principles by which every administration should be guided in the distribution of its offices. No administration could long withstand such an attempt to destroy all party lines and its own stultification by an indiscriminate distribution of patronage to friend and foe alike. The government must be kept in the hands of its friends and supporters.

Here is a clear statement of the vicious spoils system. It assumes that the administration (which it miscalls the "government") is put in power by the people solely to obtain the offices, instead of to administer the government. It assumes that the people vote simply to get office, and not because they desire the triumph of the principles advocated by their own party.

There are many people, unfortunately, who take this low view of elections. But it is utterly wrong. The triumph of a party at an election means (or should mean) that its principles shall be carried out in the administration of the government. Now please consider how really few of the *appointive* officers have anything to do with this. There is not a clerk in any of the departments at Washington, not a postal route agent on a railway, not a postmaster nor a clerk in a postoffice in the whole country, not a clerk in a revenue or customs office, nor collector himself, who has any authority or power beyond that given him by the statutes or the instructions of the cabinet officer under whose official supervision he is.

The business of the government should be conducted on exactly the same lines as any prosperous and legitimate private business is carried on. Now, what qualifications does a shrewd and successful business man require in his employes? Capacity, intelligence, integrity, industry, fidelity. Who ever heard of a business man making politics a test for employment? Party zeal or party service is no qualification for the discharge of a public office.

The clearest and best statement we recall, of the true relation of a civil officer to the government, is that of Senator EDMUNDS, made in a debate in the Senate on the tenure of office bill, March 17, 1869. He declared that governmental employes aae not the mere servants and creatures of the administration, but the responsible agents of the law, which imposes upon them certain duties, and surrounds them with certain rights. There has been of late years a great awakening among the people on the subject. This may readily be seen by the odium in which the action of any convention is held, which body is largely composed of, or controlled by, office-holders. The time is rapidly coming when the subordinate offices of the government will be filled by men who are selected because of fitness and capability, and not because of political work.

MAKE A DISTINCTION.

Our tariff protects our mechanics and other working people to a certain extent against the underpaid labor of Europe; but there is no tariff upon men and women, and if they continue to land upon our shores in ever-increasing numbers, and are of necessity compelled to cut under the rates of wages ordinarily paid in order to secure employment, how can it otherwise happen than that the wages of all workingmen will be brought down? It will be the part of wisdom for our working people to consider this matter carefully, and to insist upon it that the men chosen to make the laws shall also consider it, and thereafter enact such laws as will tend to check what threatens to become, if it has not already become, a standing menace and danger to themselves and the country.

We must closely watch immigration. We must not only provide that the paupers criminals and lunatics of Europe shall not be dumped on our shores to become a charge and burden on our tax-payers, but we have also no place in our political organization for socialists, communists, and nihilists. Their coming should be carefully watched and promptly stopped. The men who come here to preach anarchy and confusion, to denounce our system of government and to plot for its overthrow, should be stopped before they have obtained a foothold upon our shores and promptly returned to the place whence they came, to be dealt with by the authorities of their native lands.

It is not the duty of the United States of America to become the Botany Bay for all Europe. The law of national hospitality imposes no such obligation upon us, and the instincts of self-preservation clearly prompt us to see that no such condition of things shall be brought about. The problem that confronts us is a delicate and an intricate one; the attempt to solve it should not be postponed, but it is a problem which should be taken out of party politics, and should be dealt with in the spirit of sound and wise American statesmanship.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The second year of the Toledo Academy of Fine Arts has just begun, under the most favorable auspices. The classes entering are composed not only of pupils resident in and about Toledo, but those from all parts of the Union, attracted here by the reputation of the artists who compose the corps of instructors, and by the great desirability of Toledo as a place of residence. The first year's work was a great success, and the pupils made most satisfactory progress. The able instruction given at the Academy is very materially aided by the large and complete collection of casts and models from the antique, and the great gallery of paintings and drawings, which are always at the service of the pupils. Every one interested in art, or who desires to develop talent in this line, should correspond with D. KNIGHT CARTER, Actuary, Toledo, Ohio.

DR. WILLIAM EVERETT, leader of the Massachusetts mugwumps, "regrets that he will be unable to vote for Mr. LOVERING," the Democratic candidate for governor of that state. As LOVERING is a spotle Democrat, and was nominated on a platform demanding that the federal offices in Massachusetts, yet having Republican incumbents, shall be immediately filled with Democrats, and by a convention which selected four anti-CLEVELAND delegates at large to the next national convention, it is difficult to see why Dr. EVERETT should regret it.

"HORIZONTAL BILL" MORRISON, in an interview, declined to talk politics, but intimated that he would be on hand when the Congressional slate is made up in his district next time. Of course he will. The free traders are all devoured by the itch for office.

THE Virginia Bourbons are quaking in their shoes over the campaign just opened. MAHONE'S hand is writing the words of doom on the political wall, and they tremble as they read their fate.

SHALL we make the goods we use in our own shops by American labor, or have them made in foreign shops by pauper labor? That is the tariff issue.

WE publish elsewhere in this impression of the BLADE an interesting descriptive article on "Volapük," the new universal language.

THIS year November elections occur in six states—Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Maryland and Iowa.

IT is asserted that CLEVELAND wants VILAS for his second on the Democratic ticket next year.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

IV.—A Free Trade Misrepresentation.

By the term "free trade," throughout these articles, we mean not only the men like HUBD, who want all import duties repealed, but also the "tariff-for-revenue-only" people—as the result, so far as this country is concerned, of the adoption of either would be practically the same—ruin to our industries, idleness and want to our people.

Some of the free trade ranters are constantly urging that there is no need of a tariff to protect our "infant industries," and sarcastically remark that our manufactures are old enough to have passed the period of infancy. They forget that the supporters of the "protective" idea do not advance any such argument. They cannot refer to any recent authority who uses this plea. That is not the reason this country needs a protective tariff.

V.—The Real Reason for Protection.

The tariff is not only needed to furnish revenue for federal expenses, but to *equalize the cost of production.*

It takes no more heat to smelt a ton of pig-iron in Ohio than in England; it takes no more power and no more time to spin a pound of cotton or weave a yard of muslin in Lowell, Massachusetts, than in Manchester, England. But it *costs* more to do it. Why?

Because the rate of wages is higher in the United States than in *any other* country whose manufactures attempt to compete for our markets.

Col. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, then chief of the Massachusetts Labor bureau, in his annual report for 1884, institutes a comparison between the weekly wages paid working people in 24 separate industries in Great Britain and in the same industries in Massachusetts. The *average* weekly wages of each were:

In Great Britain	$ 5.33 per week
In Massachusetts	10.31 per week

In a Clyde shipyard, the wages of 2,000 men, of all grades—boys, common laborers, and skilled mechanics—in 1886, amounted to $10,700 per week. At the same time, in a shipyard on the Delaware, the same number of men, performing similar labor, received weekly $22,540. This gives:

	Weekly wages.
English shipbuilders	$ 5.35
American shipbuilders	11.27

Hon. W. M. EVARTS, while secretary of State, directed the consuls of the United States in the various European cities to make inquiries as to the rates of wages paid, hours of labor, and habits of the working people. The reports (1879) showed that

The average of wages of any grade in the United States is more than *double* the wages paid for the same grade in Great Britain;

Two-thirds more than in France, Belgium and Denmark;

Three times as much as in Italy, Spain and Germany;

And four times as much as in the Netherlands.

Therefore, the question of free trade vs. protection resolves itself into lower wages vs. the present rate.

No American industry that has been fully developed needs a tariff except to *equalize the cost of production.*

Suppose two establishments, making the same line of goods, the one in England and the other in Ohio, have similar plants of machinery, and employ exactly the same number of men. The Ohio establishment pays $2,000 a week in wages, the English one pays $1,000. It is not plain that the latter can sell its week's output of products $1,000 cheaper than the Ohio establishment?

When people are offered exactly the same kind and quality of goods by two dealers, they will buy of the one who sells the cheaper. So it is plain that, if the Ohio manufacturer wants to continue in business, one of two things must be done:

The cost of production must be equalized by the tariff;

Or the wages of the Ohio employes must be reduced one-half.

The tariff issue in the United States is simply this: Either the tariff must be kept at such a point that it will *equalize the cost of production*, or wages must come down to the European standard.

VI.—Shall We Stand by Our Workingmen?

It may at first appear that no one is benefited by the tariff save the men actually employed in protected industries, and the men who have money invested in such establishments. This is, however, not true. This will be plain when we consider that the wages of *all* workingmen

ALL ABOUT VOLAPÜK.

THE NEW UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning It—A Business Language, Which Will Not Take the Place of Others, But Is Necessary to Every One.

Volapük is the name of a language invented in 1881, by the Rev. Father Schleyer, of Constance, Switzerland, and invented, moreover, not as a play-language, but with the serious purpose of making it a universal mode of speech. Such an idea is not new in itself, for ever since the time of Descartes and Liebnitz there have been suggestions and strivings toward this result. But this language seems really to have come to stay. It is barely six years since Herr Schleyer's first work appeared, and yet Volapük is already studied and spoken in France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Holland, Sweden, England, Belgium, Spain, Syria, Australia, South America, the United States, and in other countries. It is taught in some 70 schools in Holland, and has over 2,000 scholars in Paris alone. Volapük grammars are published, adapted for the use of French, Russian, Italian, Dutch, German, English, Portuguese, Swedish, Turkish or Chinese students. Volapük dictionaries are published in all the principal languages, and there is also a newspaper issued regularly in this tongue.

The great recommendation of Volapük is its extreme simplicity. It can be learned in one-tenth the time of any national language. It has but one declension, one conjugation, no irregular verbs, and no exceptions to its few rules of construction. All its prepositions take the accusative, and, as in English, there is no gender for inanimate objects. It seems almost extravagant to say so, and yet it is not too much to affirm that at the close of one good evening's work, any intelligent person of fair literary abilities could, with grammar and dictionary at hand, translate, without serious difficulty, any communication in the Volapük language. Indeed a class in a business college in Paris was able, at the end of eight lessons, to correspond easily and correctly with writers of Volapük in other countries.

A few words concerning the construction of this most simple language may be of interest. Father Schleyer is said to speak and write 28 different tongues. The two upon which he has mainly drawn, in the formation of Volapük, are, curiously enough, English and Irish, although, as might be supposed, the English vagaries of spelling and pronunciation show only by their absence. The word roots are mostly drawn from the English, Latin, French and German. Thus man is man; fam, fame; dom, house; mon, money; milig, milk, etc.

In the Volapük alphabet there are 27 letters, each of which has one and only one sound, for example: "o" is always sounded as in "go," never as in "on," "do," "other," or "foot."

The accent is always on the last syllable, as in "reform," never as in "former."

There are no diphthongs, no double letters, and no silent ones.

More than half the roots from which Volapük words are derived, are borrowed from the English. After the rules for the formation of the language are understood one can define a large number of words from learning a single root. For example:

Sin—Sin.
Sinik—Sinful.
Siniko—Sinfully.

Simon—To sin.
Slip—Sleep.
Slipik—Sleepy.
Slipiko—Sleepily.
Slipon—To sleep.

That is, an adjective is formed by adding "ik" to a noun, an adverb by adding "iko" and a verb by adding "on." Moreover, all these words may be used with a large number of prefixes and suffixes, and compounded as in the Greek and German languages; e. g., vol, world, pük, language; volapük, pasigraphy.

All substantives, nouns and pronouns, are declined alike, with four cases, as in Greek and German; "a" is added to the root to form the genitive, "e" to form the dative, "i" to form the accusative; to all cases, "s" is added to form the plural. The one declension, which all nouns follow, is as follows:

Nominative, man, the man:	mans, the men.
Genitive, mana, of the man;	manas, of the men.
Dative, mane, to the man;	manes, to the men.
Accusative, manl, the man;	mans, the men.

The plural is formed in every case by adding s. The case endings being the vowels in their natural order, can not be forgotten. The tenses of the verb are formed by prefixing the vowels in the same natural order:

Sed—The export.
Sedob—I send.

Äsedob—I sent.
Esedob—I have sent.
Isedob—I had sent.
Osedob—I shall send.
Usedob—I shall have sent.

By perfixing "pa" to the present and "p" to each of the other tenses the passive voice is formed:

Pasedob—I am sent.
Päsedob—I was sent.
Pesedob—I have been sent, etc.

Of the verbs, givob, I give; selob, I sell; penob, I write (pen, pen), are conjugated, as are all verbs, thus:

Givob, I give; givobs, we give.
Givol, thou givest; givols, we give.
Givom, he gives; givoms, they give.

The ending being simply the personal pronouns ob, l; obs, we; ol, thou; ols, ye; om, he; oms, they.

The tenses are formed by prefixing to the verb the vowels ä, e, i, o, u, thus:

Selob—I sell.
Äselob—I sold.
Eselob—I have sold.
Iselob—I had sold.
Oselob—I shall sell.
Uselob—I shall have sold,

with "s" added to each for the plural.

The tense signs, prefixed to any other word have same force as with the verb.

Del—Day.
Adelo—To-day.

Ädelo—Yesterday.
Edelo—Day before yesterday.
Ideio—To-morrow.
Udelo—Day after to-morrow.

It remains only to add that the adjective is always formed by adding ik to the noun, and the adverb by adding iko, and we have already a fair knowledge of the rudimentary principles of Volapük, and are able to translate such sentences as Sciomo domi mana famik, "They sell the house of the famous man." Egivob milig kate e (and) doge, "I have given milk to the cat and dog." As a longer sentence the following is of interest: Plofed de literal älliadon vöno in klad furlupükali fa Antony en Cesar. "A professor of literature read one day in class the funeral oration of Antony over Cesar."

The advantages of such a mode of speech are obvious. It is intended as an international business language. Scientific books or papers, trades reports or commercial newspapers, printed in Volapük, might be easily read all over the world. Advertising circulars, for foreign distribution, could be made to do duty, through this one language for many countries. If every person expecting to travel would learn this easy tongue he would find no trouble in conversing with any other travelers he might anywhere meet. Large hotels or large stores abroad might have each a few clerks acquainted with Volapük, so that customers who had mastered its few principles would meet with no difficulty. For use in treaties between countries using different languages it would be invaluable.

There is no present thought of making it more than a commercial language; and yet, should its use become general, it might easily spread also into colloquial speech. That it will ever have a literature of its own is very improbable, for it is not euphonious. It may attain a currency equal to all that its advocates have ever claimed for it, while on the other hand it may be that in half a dozen years or so it will have been lost sight of entirely. It is certainly flourishing now on the continent, and with all the signs of healthy growth.

An International Volapük congress was held at Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, in 1885, there being present 300 delegates from all parts of Europe. At a second congress, held at Munich last month, there were present, representatives from Austria, Switzerland, France, England, Denmark, Holland, Russia, and the United States. Addresses were delivered in Volapük, among them being one by a little 8-year daughter of Father Schleyer, and great enthusiasm was shown. A third congress will be held in Paris in 1890.

Soothing Her Nervousness.

Nervous old lady (to conductor of train)—What's that ax hanging up there for, young man? It makes me nervous to look at it.

Conductor (reassuringly)—You mustn't get nervous, madam; the ax is all right. In case we go through a bridge and smash things up, it's used to chop passengers out with before they get burned to death.

—Shorthand Writing taught by mail. Send for pamphlet. W. W. Hulton, Pittsburg, Pa

THE MAN FOR 1888

What the Blade's Readers think—Another Batch of Letters From Our Subscribers—They Give Reasons for the Faith That is Within Them.

HARRISON, ILL.—I think the effect would be most gratifying, and a sweeping victory assured by as nearly reproducing the old ticket of 1860 as possible, viz; Lincoln and Hamlin. Should Hamlin be considered too old, make it Lincoln and Hawley.—J. B. CAMP.

LOCHIEL, (no state).—Robert T. Lincoln is my choice of the majority of Republicans that I have talked with, for three or four reasons: Blaine can't be elected; Sherman may be, but Lincoln surely will be, if nominated; he can carry New York state by a big majority—Sherman may, Blaine can't; there is a charm goes with the name of Lincoln; and last, but not least, he is that noblest work of God, an honest man.—N. CROSBY.

MURPHYSBORO, ILL.—Robert T. Lincoln, because he is eminently qualified; he is without doubt the strongest man; he has a clean record; there is an undeveloped undercurrent of feeling for him in all this state, which, proper time, burst forth with sweeping force; he would create the greatest enthusiasm in the Republican ranks of any man.—HENRY WHIPEY.

TUNESASSA, N. Y.—Robert T. Lincoln would be a strong candidate in this vicinity.—DAVID HAGGIS, Jr.

MADISONVILLE, KY.—I desire, and hope for Republican success in 1888. To secure it depends largely upon the choice of the next national Republican convention. With one man as our leader victory would be ours, while another, of equal ability, would bring sure defeat. You utter a truth when you say that "no man has a right to demand the nomination." I am for him who can place the result of the election beyond all almost beyond a doubt. I love Republican principles more than I do Blaine, or Sherman, or Lincoln, or any other of the valiant leaders of our grand old party. I would support, with a hearty good will, either Blaine, or Sherman, or any nominee of the Republican party, provided he were honorable and capable, and only such has ever been chosen as our standard bearer; but I believe that with either Blaine or Sherman as our leader we would be compelled to encounter mugwumpism and the other "isms" that defented Blaine, and in consequence of this, our success although probable, would be extremely doubtful. I am opposed to these two honored chieftains, not that I love them less, but the pure principles of Republicanism, more, "Let us name a strong man, a man whose record is unassailable; a man, who can unite all Republicans and all friends of progress under his banner and place his party once more in the control of the nation."

Do you ask who this man is? Every responsive heart utters the name of Robert T. Lincoln. With Lincoln as our chief the success of the Republican party in 1888 would be placed beyond all peradventure. Do you ask reasons for my choice? Can any one offer an objection? Can any one put forward a stronger name? He is not an office-seeker; the office has sought him. He is capable, honest, experienced; the soldiers' friend; in favor of civil service reform; a protectionist; a typical Republican. He will unite the mugwumps; for how can a wholesouled mugwump refuse to support a living embodiment of their avowed principles—purity, honesty, and capability? And besides his being qualified morally, physically and intellectually to be the chief magistrate of this mighty and growing nation, he has qualifications peculiar to himself that will lend the grand old party to victory as certainly as our convention does itself the honor of according him the nomination. We love him. We love his very name. It is sacred in our nation's history. There's a grand meaning in that name, "Lincoln," that will carry such an inspiration to every true and loyal heart that is bound to result in victory. The mention of that name merely as a probable candidate blanches the face of the most ardent Democrat, and carries terror and consternation into the hosts of the "unterrified." That name will rally the brave defenders of our country; it will rally those whom these same soldiers fought to free; for to both it seems to measure the price of liberty. There's a mighty music in that name that touches the very heart of the nation. With Robert Lincoln in command a "Solid North" will be formed, and a "Solid South" probably divided. Let every loyal and living citizen of our whole people unite in giving its highest gift to Robert Lincoln, and thus let the nation fill out the unexplored term of the martyred father.—O. WADDILL.

LEVY, KAN.—My first choice is Gen. Phil. Sheridan. My second choice is R. T. Lincoln. This choice is not the result of works, but of pure faith—"for by faith are ye saved." He is no doubt the man most likely to win if nominated. As a pointer, I will say that to carry New York we must select a man whom Conkling will endorse. This may sound strange, perhaps foolish, but the party may as well know it now as to learn it later, through defeat. The party has not carried New York since Grant's last election, "without the result being traceable directly to Conkling's personal influence;" and I will conclude by saying they never will, in his time.—H. BASH.

LINTNER, MO.—It will be a ground-hog case this time. The nominee must be able to command the full vote of the party. I am in the stamping ground of Democracy, yet I notice a strong tendency among Republicans and Democrats alike in favor of one man in particular, and that man is R. T. Lincoln. He has no axe to grind, and will carry no dead weights in his race.—J. R. STAUBER.

LOUISIANA, MO.—"United we stand, divided we fall;" especially will this be the case after the next, for the Republicans, unsuccessful candidate. The loyal people of this broad country can't afford to lose what a devoted people sacrificed for its restoration to freedom and respect. The strongest arm possible in the extreme is wanted to guide the remaining mass of a noble army organized and cared for in times of need, but left hanging after the struggle has been over. An extremely righteous man, without fault or blemish in political or other ways, must spring up for the immediate defence of our country's right and honor to be saved from despotism and plunder in general. A man must come forward in whose confidence a loyal people may rest assured. No split in party, no color line must be present, and success must crown the faith of a peaceful nation. I think no other man has, in its present status of affairs, more show of a successful race than Lincoln. He is bound to take it up when called by an overwhelming majority in his favor. He is bound to follow the footprints of his departed father.—P. RUNGGER.

ELLSWORTH, WIS.—Robert Lincoln is the only man who can be elected by the Republican party. When his father was President, was he not then the man of most foresight of his time? We all remember what he said in regard to the subject of this note. When "Honest Old Abe" was President, some one was praising him for some prediction he had made that came true. Lincoln said: "That is nothing. I have a boy attending college who will make a smarter man than his father."—E. BOOTHE.

LIBERTY, NEB.—I am in favor of Robert T. Lincoln for our nominee for President. 1st, because I believe him to be a good man. 2d, his nomination would create an enthusiasm that no other would, especially among the colored voters, because he is the son of the great emancipator of their race.—T. W. ALSWORTH.

MICHIGAN'S LOCAL OPTION LAW.

The Full Text of the Act Which Goes Into Effect on September 28.

The new local option law of Michigan goes into effect on Sentember 28, and in some of the counties work has already been begun under its provisions while in many others it will be initiated as soon as it becomes operative. Below is given the full text of the law:

Section 1. The people of the state of Michigan enact, That the manufacture and sale of malt, brewed or fermented, spirituous and vinous liquors in the several counties in this state, be and the same is hereby regulated as follows: That upon application by petition, signed by not less than one-fifth of the voters of any county, as shown by the last preceding vote on governor, who are qualified to vote for county officers in any county in this state, the county clerk of such county shall call an election to be held at the places of holding elections for state and county officers, to take place within 40 days after the receipt of such petition by said county clerk, to determine whether or not intoxicating liquors, as mentioned in section 2 of this act, shall be manufactured or sold within the limits of such designated county: Provided, That no election under this act shall be held in any month in which an election for state, county, city, village or township officers is held; and such question having been once submitted and decided by the votes of the electors shall not be again submitted for a period of three years, but shall, at any time after the expiration of the said three years, upon like petition, be again submitted. Notice that such a question is to be submitted shall be given by the county clerk for the same time and in the same manner as is provided by law for giving notice of special elections for county officers. The votes shall be deposited in ballot boxes furnished for that purpose, and separate poll-lists and tally sheets shall be kept. The county clerk shall provide poll-lists, tally-sheets and a sufficient number of tickets for such election, at such polling place at the expense of the county. All the electors voting at any such election that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage shall be prohibited, shall have printed or written, or partly printed or partly written on their ballots the words "Against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors," and all the electors voting at any such election that such manufacture and sale shall not be prohibited, shall have printed or written, or partly printed, or partly written on their ballots the words "for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors." The inspectors of elections, as provided by law, shall act, and shall have authority to appoint assistants, if any shall be necessary. The ballots shall be cast and counted, and the returns of the same shall be made from each voting precinct to the clerk of the county in which such election is held in the manner prescribed by law for the election of county officers. The clerk of the said county shall enter in a book to be provided by him for that purpose, a tabular statement of the number of votes cast for and against such proposition in each voting precinct in said county, as shown by said returns, together with the aggregate number of votes cast for and against such sale in the elective county. Said statement so recorded shall be a public record of the county, and shall be prima facie evidence of the truth of the matters therein stated.

SEC. 2. That from and after the first Monday in May next after such special election, it is hereby declared unlawful to manufacture, sell, give away or furnish malt, brewed, fermented, vinous or intoxicated liquors of any kind, or in any quantity, or liquors, any part of which is malt, brewed, fermented, vinous or intoxicating, or to keep for sale, or keep a place where such liquors are manufactured, or kept for sale, given away, or furnished, within the limits of any county in which a majority of the votes cast at the election next preceding upon the question of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, as provided in section one of this act, have been cast against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors; except where done by a druggist who is or who employs a registered pharmacist strictly in compliance with the laws for the regulation of druggists. And whoever, within such limits, himself, or by an agent, or otherwise, thus manufactures, sells, furnishes or gives away any such liquors, or keeps for sale, or keeps a place where such liquors are manufactured or kept for sale, given away or furnished, upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction, shall be fined in any sum not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars or be imprised in the county jail not less than ten days nor more than six months, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. In any county in this state in which the electors of such county, as hereinbefore provided, have voted to prohibit the manufacture and sale of such liquors by a majority vote, then in such case the provisions of the general laws of this state for the taxation and regulation of the business of the sale, manufacture or dealing in such liquors is suspended or superseded, from and after the first day of May next following, so far as relates to the territory of said county, and all sales made by druggists in such county shall be under all the restrictions imposed upon druggists by said general laws of this state.

Approved June 18, 1887.

THAT TREASURY BUGBEAR.

A Parable In Which The Matter Was Fully Explained.

Mr G.—"Good day. Mr. B; I called to see about that note of mine."

Mr. B.—"Why, it's not due yet for about four years."

Mr G.—"Yes, I know that; but you see I've been fortunate in my business matters, and while I was in desperate need of that money when you let me have it, I have some ready cash now that I can't use. What I wish to ask is, upon what terms you will take the money now, and surrender my note? I recognize the fact that you loaned me the money for an investment, and expected to draw the interest till the principal should become due, and I should pay the note. I am sure under no obligation to compromise the matter, but nevertheless I called to see if we could not make some equitable arrangement by which I could save some interest and wipe out the debt."

Mr. B.—"Well, let us consider it. The note has four years to run, with four and a half per cent interest. If the matter stood till the debt were due, you would pay a total of some 18 cents in interest on each dollar. It, however, you can't use your money, and want to take up your note, I'll waive 10 cents of the 18 and accept the face of the note and 8 cents premium, and close the matter up."

Mr G.—"Thank you, Mr. B; I think that is a fair proposition. In point of fact, as I have some surplus cash that I can't use now, it amounts to a clear gain of 10 cents on every dollar I owe you. I'll accept your proposition."

We think every one of our readers would do the same thing, as a plain business proposition.

"Mr. G." is the government, whose note is out in the shape of the 4½ per cent. bond, and "Mr. B." is the bondholder. These two parties have just had such a transaction to the extent of some $11,000,000.

Various partisan newspapers of the country are attacking the administration on this ground, but we cannot see why it is not in every point of view commendable. It is just what business men in private life would do, and why is it not the best thing for the nation as a whole?

Granting that we have a surplus—due to the fact that certain righteous measures, such as the coast defense bill, the river and harbor bill and the dependent pension bill, which should have used it up, failed—we cannot see of any better way to dispose of it.

The fact is that the "surplus," such as it is, is not an element of danger at all at this time. It is practically no larger than it was last year, and it is in truth a bugbear simply, which has been harped upon so much that no one stops to inquire about it. This poor "surplus" has been dragged into the mire of politics, and all parties are trying to turn its existence to their advantage. This is the sole trouble at this time with the treasury. It is the temporary political football.—*National Tribune.*

"ROBERT T. LINCOLN, SAH"

A Colored Man on the Next Republican Presidential Nominee.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Republican.

A prominent Iowa Republican was roaming down in Rhode Island a few weeks ago and there he met a gathering of colored men, Free Will Baptist preachers, mostly from the South. In conversation with a bright looking colored preacher from Richmond, Va., he asked his friend and brother who was the choice of the colored man of the South for President. The answer was prompt and emphatic:

"Robert T. Lincoln, sah."

When asked why Lincoln, instead of Allison, Sherman or Blaine, the answer was equally prompt:

"Because Robert T. Lincoln's father gave our people their freedom, sah."

"But," said the questioner, "what reason have you to think the votes you may cast for Lincoln will be counted?"

With an emphasis born of religious conviction, the colored man replied:

"When they nominate a man the colored people of the South would fight and die for, then you will see the colored vote will be counted."

In other words, when the colored majority in the South is once aroused, ballot-box manipulators will not dare to repeat their crimes against the suffrage.

CLEVELAND'S SOLDIER RECORD.

First—Sent a substitute to the war.

Second—Veto of a bill to provide funds for the observance of Memorial day at Buffalo, while mayor.

Third—Veto of a law prohibiting others than members of the G. A. R wearing the badges of that order in New York, while governor.

Fourth—Permitting an officer of his administration to hoist a flag in memory of that old rebel, Jake Thompson.

Fifth—Veto of worthy pension bills.

Sixth—Sneaking away on a fishing excursion to avoid Memorial day services at Washington.

Seventh—Issuing the infamous rebel flag order.

Eighth—Refusal to visit St. Louis because the Grand Army of the Republic was to hold a convention there at the same time, alleging that they might insult or do him injury.

This is the record the people of Ohio are asked to endorse in November, the ticket and platform of the Democratic state convention having been prepared by the President's friends to that end.

Winter Apples Wanted.

Choice varieties; direct from orchard in car load lots, packed for cold storage in Atlanta and New Orleans. Address, describing fruit, packing, price F. O. B. and freight rates, J. M. BEATH, Atlanta, Ga.

How Fashions Originate.

Somebody at Newport put her elbow through the sleeve of her lace gown by some mischance, and to hide the fracture tied a bright ribbon over it. Instantly the bright-colored bows "caught on" to other elbows, and what was originally intended as a cute little remedy has become a new fashion. I saw a slender *Harper's Bazar* girl looking as though she had just stepped out of that feminine publication the other day at Young's, and tied about her right elbow in a very Frenchy bow was a bit of nasturtium red ribbon, so I presume the caprice has attacked Boston. Girls have gone about all summer with ribbons tied pussy-cat style around their necks, and now why should they not vary the place, while keeping the coquettish ribbons?—*Boston Letter.*

Bnsiness Talent.

Brow—"Beats all what infernal fools these women are about business. I give my wife $5 this morning to go shopping, and all she had to show for it at noon was a couple of pairs of silk stockings."

Smith—"Yes, that's the way it goes. I've been there. By the way, these are mighty good cigars, Brown."

Brown—"They ought to be; cost me $12 a hundred."

$3,75 STEAM COOKER FREE.

We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and outfit free. Apply at once for particulars. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

BANANAS ALL THE YEAR.

How They are Brought to Us and How They are Grown and Gathered.

A steamer unloading 10,000 bunches of bananas. A stevedore mounted on the deck, giving out orders to a hundred longshoremen who stand in lines and pass the bunches of fruit from the hold of the vessel to waiting trucks. The owner standing on an upturned barrel and calling out "One," "Two" or "Three," designating the grades to which the bananas belong. Trucks backing into place, loading and pulling out to make room for others. Small boys scurrying between the trucks and feasting on the over-ripe fruit. Such was the scene a reporter beheld on a downtown wharf.

"Two million bunches of bananas come into this port alone every year now," said the importer. "Previous to 1884 there were not nor so many. Schooners were employed, and they took six weeks to make a trip, carrying only 2,500 bunches, and lost a quarter of them on account of the length of time afloat and the damage by salt water. Now we have regular lines of steamers that carry four or five times as much fruit, and make such quick trips that there is practically no loss of fruit."

"Where do the bananas come from?"

"Well, the reds, which appear to be the favorites, come from Barzoca, Cuba. We get from 30,000 to 40,000 bunches of them a week during August, but less now that peaches are in market. The yellow ones come from Jamaica, Panama, Costa Rica and Mexico. There are some bananas produced in Florida, but the home demand prevents any coming here. It will not be long before the red bananas will be very scarce, as the Cuban planters are replacing them with the yellow slips from Jamaica. The cause of this is that the yellow produce bunches averaging from $2 to $2.25, while the red will not average more than one dollar and a half a bunch."

"How do bananas grow?"

"On immense plantations, laid off into rows of trees about eight feet apart each way. The trunk of a banana tree is composed of the stems of leaves and grows from 15 to 20 feet high. When the fruiting begins, a bud appears at the top of the stem and develops into a bunch of bananas. When the fruit is gathered the tree is cut down and left to decay, and new sprouts start up from the same root, and thus the crop is continually renewed. There are about 700 trees to the acre, and each one produces one bunch of fruit. New plantations are started by setting out young sprouts about two feet high.

In Central America the native Indians are employed. They cut the tree with a machete until it bends over so as to bring the bunch within reach. It is then cut off and carried on the backs of the men down to the shipping which run up the rivers. The loading is usually done by forming a line and passing the bunches from hand to hand. This is not very pleasant work, as the bunches often contain scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and other venomous insects that get shaken out of the bunches as they are passed, and bite or sting the handler. In Jamaica the negro women are used to load the fruit, and in Cuba both negroes and half-breeds are employed. In the hold of the vessel the bananas are placed in bins holding several hundred bunches each, and arranged to admit all of the air possible. The ventilation is so important that large canvas funnels, called "windsails," are fixed on deck so as to catch the wind and carry it down into the hold. In winter much care is necessary to prevent the cargo from freezing on the voyage or while unloading. Bananas are almost the only fruit that is always in season. They arrive at this port every month in the year. During the poorest months in midwinter we receive 70,000 buches, and in summer the number frequently reaches 350,000 bunches.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Any of our unemployed readers with business aptitude and application can, if well recommended, secure a good, steady position at good salary to represent the interests of a large, responsible New York house in reader's own part of State, to collect, deliver and receive orders. For further details write at once to THE SECRETARY, GAY'S M'F'G. HOUSE, 34 Reade St., New York.

See That You Realize Your Average Amount of Profit.

"In averaging the amount of profit to be made on different kinds of goods, notice must be taken of the different proportions that will probably be sold of each kind," very pertinently remarks an old merchant. "It will not be enough that a stock of goods newly laid in to start business with are so accurately averaged in selling price that when all are sold they will just yield say 25 per cent profit.

"If, for instance, of a stock of $6,000 laid in for a business, $1,000 is marked at an advance of 10 per cent., $1,000 at 20 per cent., $2,000 at 25 per cent., $1,000 at 30 per cent., and $1,000 at 40 per cent., the whole when sold will average 25 per cent. But it is almost a certainty that the first $2,000 worth of goods sold would not be at a profit of over 20 per cent.

"By this time probably that stock would require replenishing, mainly in the goods paying 10 per cent. profit. So that the next $2,000 sold out again would only yield 20 per cent. profit, and this would be continued the year through, and the retailer would find, when the year came round again and he took account of his stock, that for some unaccountable reason his profits were not forthcoming.

"This is a very essential matter to keep in mind, and be well understood. Losses in this way oftenest occur with those who undertake to sell leading articles at a very little profit. These are the goods they sell most of, and which need most frequent replenishing."

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit?** Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System,** being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instruments that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit, honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANATA, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $850,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December.)

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. TENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS K, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, October 11, 1887.—209th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100	"	200	20,000
100	"	100	10,000
1,000	Terminal	50	50,000
2,379	Prizes, amounting to		$535,000

Tickets for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

or M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

SALESMEN Wanted at once. Pay weekly. Outfit free. B. F. Campbell, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

AGENTS Wanted on Salary or Commission. Jas. E. Whitney, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c. Sample Book 4c. Crown Pkg. Co., Northford, Ct.

THE BEST
BOOKS
For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list.

ANDERSONVILLE:
A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has been enlarged by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $1. We now send it postpaid for 25c. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 320 pages. Original price $1.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.50.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Boston. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author, all of the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the pitfalls by the way thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should own a copy, as well as a grown person and others. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit?** Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System,** being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

Subscriber:—Silos may be built wholly under ground, or partly below, and partly above. When built below, the temperature is more uniform, and tends to the preservation of the ensilage; but on the contrary, there is some risk of the seeping in of water, and this necessitates having drain pipes at the bottom. A two or three inch iron or sewer pipe, with trap to prevent air from entering the silo, should be used. Posts should be put firmly into the ground, three or four feet apart; plank up closely inside and out, and fill up the space with dirt, well packed in. A silo should be deep and narrow, and should be divided into compartments lengthwise, eight or ten feet long, so that one compartment may be emptied without disturbing another. When you begin using the ensilage begin at the top and take off layer after layer downward. In this way the contents of the silo are kept from souring.

Rev. T. W. R., Pa.: Scratches in horses correspond to chapped hand in a human being. The skin of the heel of the horse is dry and cracked, presenting a scaly crust upon the surface. This trouble is confined entirely to the cuticular layer of the skin. To cure, brush the part affected well with a soft brush. Use no water. Then apply this: Powdered alum, 2 drachms; sulphate of zinc, 20 grains; water, 1 pint. Wash the cracks well with this and dress with vaseline. Apply in the morning, wipe the parts in the evening with soft rags, and apply again. You will know when to stop using as the part affected will heal. Wrap with flannel the parts affected when warm. Give gentle exercise. Keep the animal from getting his legs and feet wet, and he will come out all right. If you find proud flesh in the cracks apply burnt alum. Grease, or eczema of the heels, is an inflammation of the deeper layers under the cuticle back of the heels and fetlock, with a formation of vesicles and pustules, emitting a fetid, greasy appearing discharge. To cure this trouble, the horse should first be given a cathartic of raw linseed oil, say 16 ozs; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; sweet spirits of nitre, 1 oz. After this has operated, feed on bran mashes for three days. Then begin by applying to the affected part hot linseed meal, or other soft poultice, sprinkled on the outside with charcoal, changing once a day until the inflammation is reduced. An ounce of saltpetre should be given in the drinking water once a day for four days. Wash the parts affected with tepid soapsuds water each morning, then dry thoroughly with soft rags, and apply this twice during each day, acetate of lead, 1 oz; water, 1 pt. The same rags should not be used but once. Wrap with old linen or cotton rags and over this, flannel. Change the rags each day. Keep the part from getting wet, and give gentle exercise.

R. B., Illinois: Six out of every ten knee-sprung horses will be found to have corns. Examine his feet carefully and see if corns are not troubling him. Corns and navicular disease cause a horse to raise his heels to ease the tenderness, and in bending his knee so frequently the position of the limb becomes altered. Nothing can be done to cure a horse, except in recent cases. A horse that has not been trained with knee-sprung or another the case seen coming in that time, may be benefited by clipping the hair from the thickening parts on the back tendons and applying cold water bandages for two or three days, and then applying a blister of cantharides, half an ounce, and lard two ounces. Mix and rub well in. The shoes should be removed, the feet pared down, and the heels opened. We would advise you not to attempt any treatment of your animal.

R. J. H., Kansas: Are you certain your colt is suffering from dislocation of the stifle joint (patella) If so, tie a rope to the pastern and pull it forward and slightly outward. To have the work done properly the rope should pass from the pastern obliquely through a block beyond the colt's head fixed to a crossbeam. In the absence of a block a rope with an eye in it will answer. One man should stand at the stifle to shove the bone in place, while another should stand about a yard from the shoulder and pull on the rope to lift the leg. The bone will fly into place with a snap. Then rub the part well with spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; vinegar, 4 ozs.; water, 1 pt. After the inflammation is reduced, apply a canthrides blister.

E. P. B., your mare is affected with periodic ophthalmia. Give this twice a day for three days, and for the following five for four more days: Powdered peruvian bark, one-half ounce; sulphate of iron, one drachm. Give a bran mash every day while administering the above. Drop three drops of the following into the eye twice a day: Atrophia, four grains; water, one ounce. This is for eye lotion.

G. H. Barritt, Michigan:—A pretty good knowledge of how to raise cranberries may be found in the following, from the *American Farm and Stock Mammal:*

The constantly increasing price of the cranberry, and the great numbers of marshes with alluvium soil free from clay or loam that one meets almost every where, prompts the question why cranberries are not made to yield a profit. Of all the self supporting crops, none needs less care than the cranberry, if the conditions that govern its culture are first complied with, and none certainly shows greater financial results. The first essential is the marsh and its soil, with reference also to the ability to control the water supply. A soil having any proportion of clay should be avoided, and selection made of a combined decaying vegetable mass, with natural sand, and the less loam there is in this the better. Eastern growers cover their marshes with sand, but in the West, if the swamp, upon examination, seems to have a fair amount of sand in proportion to the quality of soil, success may be attained in putting out the plants without this sand mulch. As a rule, it is a greater guarantee of success to have a stream of water crossing the marsh, for then in dry weather the gates can be closed and the marsh saturated, and if insect pests make their appearance, the vines can be submerged for a day, which will make the worms loosen their hold, but the chances may be taken on a common "dry" patch of swamp. It is supposed that any one who attempts the culture of cranberries will make the dams and embankments of the most solid and substantial character, with gates that will not only work, but be water-tight, else failure will come with the first freshet. Ditching should next be seen to, and rapid drainage secured. This is done by a broad central channel and lateral ditches, which should not be at right angles with it, but approaching it in diagonal lines. The amount of water will have to be taken into consideration—the more water the more ditches—a fact that will also determine the width of the main outlet. If the swamp is of some extent, it is presumed that a ditch of at least six or eight feet in width will be needed. These ditches should not be over two feet in depth, and unless there are very heavy discharges of water from the uplands, or natural water courses, the side ditches need not be nearer than 100 feet from each other. One ditch should run parallel with and about six feet, or even more, from the dam; the soil thrown out can be utilized in building the dam. The planting requires some discernment. If the muck is covered with alders, reeds, and the like, a great amount of labor will have to be performed in advance, but the experience of a great many has been, where the muck was only covered with a growth of wild grass, that the ditching and consequent dry soil will so hinder its growth that the berry vines will thrive and soon force it into subjection, and, upon the whole, it will, in the first year of the growth of the cranberry, prove a source of profit in the way of protection from exposure and the like. By this method the labor of setting the vines will only be of thrusting a narrow spade into the soil, pushing the handle over to one side, inserting the plants, three or four in number, and press the soil firmly about the plants with the foot. Where weeds and wild sage have a strong hold upon the swamp, the removal of the turf is the only way to succeed with the cranberries. To pay $50 and $75 an acre to clear the ground, in addition to the expense of ditching, seems a large outlay, but when the plants have established themselves and you find that the acre produced 100 to 150 bushels of berries, worth $4 per bushel, the "light shines from an entirely different quarter." Planting these hills three feet apart each way gives both ample room and chance for cultivation, and in a couple of years the plants will occupy the entire ground, and if no chance is given to shade the ground with weeds, the care of the vines will be quite a small item for several years.

Big Lambs.

Not long since the FARM department of the BLADE had an item regarding a lamb of more than ordinary weight, but it seems that the lamb spoken of will have to take a back seat, as will be seen from the following item handed to the editor of the BLADE FARM by a gentleman of this city:

"Mr. Leslie Rood, of Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio, has a lamb 6 months and 27 days old that weighed 124½ lbs. He has three lambs, all less than six months old, that weighed 312 lbs. These lambs have run in the fields with other sheep, and have not been fed any grain or milk.

Who can beat this?

Earthing-up Celery.

From this on it will be a busy time with celery growers. A while ago no particular effort was made to prepare celery for the market before the fall. Now it is considered "in" just as soon as it has obtained sufficient size, and had time to bleach. Good July, at least, celery is constantly bleached, and we notice that some get in a batch even in June. The bleaching of this early crop is mostly accomplished by means of boards placed on each side of the row—we doubt very much if the flavor is as good as when earthed up in the old-fashioned way, but celery is like the strawberries which come into the market at first—so long as they look like strawberries, and cost enough, there is some one to buy. Some growers get two and three crops of celery off the same land now-a-days. Neither are very heavy crops, but for flavoring or cooking there is no doubt but they are quite as good as any. Celery will readily bleach in a couple of weeks in warm weather; as the fall approaches and the ground cools it takes longer. Celery designed for late-keeping, or all through the winter, should not be bleached very much before finally putting by, as it naturally becomes more tender the longer it is hidden from the light. The later batch (which is still early enough to attain a fair size before winter) should be selected for the late feeding. The earth should be drawn around the stalks enough to prevent them from spreading. If kept in this condition, say until November, the time depending upon the earliness of frost, and then put away, it may generally be depended upon even in spring. On the contrary, if winter finds the crop well bleached, it will rarely escape rotting before spring.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Washing Butter.

The experience of experts in butter making has been freely given of late years. Experiments have not been neglected. Mr. F. D. Curtis, well known in dairy circles, communicates the following to the *Rural New Yorker*, on the subject:

Many things have been learned about butter making within the last few years. One thing is how to wash and handle butter. Henceforth there will be no two theories or practices about washing butter. Some used to think it injured the butter by washing the sugar out of it, and they would actually add sugar to make up for the loss! Some do this even now! But sugar is not wanted in butter. It is too unstable a compound, and soon decomposes, to enter into new combinations and play the mischief. The first change is for the sugar to turn to lactic acid, and one of the strongest arguments in favor of sour cream butter is the fact that this change occurs and the sugar is largely disposed of before churning. Washing takes out the buttermilk and the lactic acid—composed of the sugar—with it, as it does other materials that will not keep like the pure butter fat. This improves the flavor and the keeping quality of the butter. This is true now and will always remain true. But before this, washing or not washing was merely empirical and confounded by whim or prejudice, the dairyman not knowing or seeing the effect produced by washing any more than he did the effect of the sugar upon the butter. It is not difficult to establish general rules when the facts are known and the principles understood. But there are certain things depending upon condition, which cannot be governed by specific rules, and which, therefore, call for the exercise of judgment on the part of the butter maker. When we can dispense with the use of brains we can dispense with the dairyman.

CROPS AND WEATHER.

How and Under What Conditions They Prospered.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—The crop summary of the *Farmer's Review* is as follows: Twenty-five counties in Illinois estimate an average yield of corn, 29 bushels; oats, 28 bushels; potatoes, 34 bushels Indiana, eleven counties; corn, 22½ bushels; oats, 31 bushels; potatoes, 38½ bushels. Ohio, thirteen counties; corn, 26 bushels; oats, 30¾ bushels; potatoes, 42 bushels. Michigan, fifteen counties; corn, 32 bushels; oats, 30½ bushels; potatoes, 100 bushels. Missouri, eighteen counties; corn, 29½ bushels; oats, 32½ bushels; potatoes, 90 bushels. Iowa, twenty-one counties; corn, 32½ bushels; spring wheat, 10½ bushels; oats, 32 bushels; potatoes, 41 bushels. Kansas, eight counties; corn, 22 bushels; oats, 37½ bushels; potatoes, 68 bushels. Nebraska—Eight counties; corn, 18 bushels; oats, 34 bushels; potatoes, 44 bushels. Wisconsin—Fourteen counties; corn, 33 bushels; oats, 31 bushels; potatoes, 50 bushels. Minnesota—Nine counties; corn, 31 bushels; spring wheat, 9½ bushels; oats, 32 bushels; potatoes, 69 bushels. Since, copius rains have fallen where badly needed, improving fall feed and putting the ground in good condition for fall plowing and seeding, but many sections badly need rain. Larger breadth of corn than ever before is being cut and shocked for winter forage. Water for stock still continues a serious problem in many localities.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Weather crop bulletin of the signal office: Temperature—colder than usual is reported in districts east of Mississippi and North Pacific coasts, the general departures from normal occurring in states bordering on the lower lake and the South Atlantic and North Pacific coasts. Here the daily average was three degrees warmer than normal, warmer than usual in Missouri and the lower Mississippi valleys, thence westward over the Rocky Mountains.

The temperature for the season from January 1 to September 24 was slightly below the normal from northern New England west to the North Pacific coast, and in the South Atlantic states. It has been warmer than usual in all other districts, greatest temperatures occurring in central valleys, where the average daily excess for the season ranged from one to three degrees, while the average daily temperature for the season near Lake Superior and on the Southern Atlantic coast has from one to three degrees below normal.

Rainfall—The rainfall for the week has been less than usual except in Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee, from Northern Ohio west over Northern Indiana, Northern Illinois and Iowa, where slight excesses are reported. During the past four weeks less than one-fourth of the usual amount of rain has occurred in the wheat region from Missouri east over the southern portions of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, thus showing a continuation of the drouth in this section.

During the same period about 25 per cent of the usual amount of rain occurred in New England, and less than 25 per cent in the South Atlantic states and Virginia. The rainfall in the western portions of the wheat region from Texas north to Dakota and Minnesota during the past four weeks has been abundant, and generally exceeded 100 per cent of what is usual for that period. The same conditions will apply to the belt of country extending from Lake Erie west to Iowa.

General remarks—The weather has been generally favorable during the past week in the cotton region. Harvest of this crop is progressing rapidly. The deficiency of rainfall in portions of Arkansas and Mississippi may reduce the yield of the crop. Reports from the grenter part of the winter wheat region show that the work of preparing ground is being retarded on account of continued drouth. Reports from Tennessee and the Middle Atlantic states and New England show that the weather was favorable for crops and that seeding of wheat was in progress. Reports from Kansas and Nebraska and west portions of Missouri and Iowa indicate that the weather was favorable to growing crops.

Killing frosts occurred as far south as central Illinois, northern Indiana, Ohio and Michigan during the latter portion of the week.

Reports for the crop weather bulletin for this season will be discontinued from this date in all states excepting those within the cotton region.

PLAYING FIGHT.

Gen. Miles to Learn the Country and the Indian Tactics.

BENSON, A. T., Sept. 22.—[Special wire.]—Gen. Miles has inaugurated a series of movements among the troops in this country for the purpose of keeping them in readiness for another Indian outbreak, and give them a more thorough knowledge of the country and the methods of Indian warfare. A small party of soldiers, well mounted, and horses loaded as lightly as possible, left Fort Huachuca four days ago, and will proceed 250 miles north to Fort Apache.

They will be pursued by troops from all the posts in Southern Arizona. If the raiding party is not captured before reaching the point indicated, the troops will return in the same order and endeavor to capture the former pursuing party before reaching Fort Huachuca.

DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND.

The Horrible Fate of the Conductor of that Runaway Iron Ore Train.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 21.—[Special wire.]—The body of William Mahon, the conductor missing after the terrible destruction of rolling stock caused by the runaway train in the upper yard here, was found yesterday at the bottom of an immense heap of debris. He had been driven into the ground below the level of the track by the force of the collision, and upon him were piled fully 100 tons of ore, besides broken cars to the height of 25 feet.

More than 100 cars were demolished or damaged in the crash. The loss to the company must be at least $25,000

TALMAGE TALKS ON CHRISTIANITY.

A Straight Up-and-Down Religion the Only Kind That is Worth Having—Misfortune Always Sure to Overtake a Man Who Allows Himself to Grow Aslant

BROOKLYN, Sept. 25.—After the great congregation had sung the long meter doxology in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, Dr. Talmage expounded the sixth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians, setting forth the importance of separation from bad fellowship, and saying that a man is no better than the company he keeps. The subject of the sermon was "A Straight Up-and-Down Religion," and the text was Amos vii, v. 8: "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb line." Dr. Talmage said:

The solid masonry of the world has to me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals, four or six hundred years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were builded, walls of great height for centuries, not bending a quarter of an inch in the whole structure. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance as the trowel, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers, and stone masons, and carpenters, in the building of walls, use an instrument made of a cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the center of gravity in the earth, the vertical line discovers where the wall recedes, and where it bulges out, and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and in that way measuring it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb line."

What the world wants is a straight up-and-down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that, to suit the times. It is horizontal with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into the perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement. "And the Lord said to me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb line."

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what other do. If they play cards, we play cards. If they dance, we dance. If they read certain style of book, we read them. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb line of other lives and reject the infallible test which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right but what God thinks is right. The perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There are ten thousand plumb lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. The tower of Pisa leans over about thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see its graceful inclination, and by extra braces and various architectural contrivances it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little aslant? Why not have the pillar of truth a leaning tower? Why is not an ellipse as good as a square? Why is not a cube as good as straight up and down? My friends, we must have a standard. Shall it be God's or man's?

The divine plumb line needs to be thrown over all merchandise. Thousands of years ago Solomon discovered the tendency of buyers to depreciate goods. He saw a man beating down a article lower and lower, and saying it was not worth the price asked, and when he had purchased at the lowest point he told everybody what a sharp bargain he had struck, and how he had outwitted the merchant. Proverbs, xx 17: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he is boasth." And the same thing goes on in other styles of merchandise, and the consequence is that all along the business streets of all our cities there are merchants of small capital who are in terrific struggle to keep their heads above water. The Cunarders run down the Newfoundland fishing smacks, and this is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has as large a store and as great a business as he can manage. To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reinforcement. Yet there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience, and their courage, and their Christian consistency, and after a while their turn of success will come. The owners of the big business will die and their boys will get possession of the business, and will run it into bankruptcy in full to the chin with the best liquor, and behind a pair of spanking bays they will pass everything on the turnpike road to temporal and eternal perdition. Then the business will break up, and the smaller dealers will have fair opportunity. Or the spirit of contentment and right feeling will take possession of the large firm, as recently in the case of the great house of A. A. Low & Co., and the firm will say: "We have enough money for all our needs, and the needs of our children; now let us dissolve business and make way for other men in the same line." Instead of being startled at a solitary instance of magnanimity, as in the case just mentioned, it will become a common thing. I know of scores of great business houses that have had their opportunity of vast accumulation, and who ought to quit. But, perhaps, for all the days of this generation the struggle of small houses to keep alive under the overshadowing pressure of great houses will continue; therefore, taking things as they are, you will be wise to preserve your equilibrium, and your honesty, and your faith, and throw over all the counters, and shelves, and barrels, and hogsheads, and cotton bales, and rice casks, the measuring line of divine right. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb line."

In the same way we need to measure our theologies. All sorts of religions are putting forth their pretensions. Some have a spiritualistic religion, and their chief work is with ghosts, and others a religion of political economy, proposing to put an end to human misery by a new style of taxation, and there is humanitarian religion that looks after the body of men and lets the soul look after itself, and there is a legislative religion that proposes to rectify all wrongs by an enactment of better laws, and there is an esthetic religion that by rules of exquisite taste would lift the heart out of its deformity, and religions of all sorts, religions by the peck, religions by the square foot, and religions by the ton—all of them devices of the devil that would take the heart away from the only religion that will ever effect anything for the human race, and that is the straight up-and-down religion written in the book, which begins with Genesis and ends with Revelation, the religion of the skies, the old religion, the God-given religion, the everlasting religion, which says: "Love God above all and your neighbor as yourself." All religions but the one begin at the wrong end and in the wrong place. The Bible religion demands that we first get right with God. It begins at the top and measures down, while the other religions begin at the bottom and try to measure up. They stand at the foot of the wall, up to their knees in the mud of human theory and speculation, and have the plummet and a string tied fast to it. And they throw the plummet this way, and break a head there, and throw the plummet another way and break a head there, and then they throw it up and it comes down upon their own pate. Fools! Why will you stand at the foot of the wall measuring up when you might be standing at the top of it? Only a few days ago I was in the country, thirsty, after a long walk. And I came in, and my child was blowing soap bubbles, and they rolled out of the cup, blue, and gold, and green, and sparkling, and beautiful, and orbicular, and, in so small a space, I never saw more splendor concentrated. But they broke too often and all the glory vanished into suds. Then I turned and took a glass of plain water and was refreshed. And so far as soul-thirst is concerned, I put against all the glowing, glittering soap bubbles of worldly reform and human speculation, one draught from the fountain from under the throne of God, clear as crystal. Glory be to God for the religion that drops from above, not coming up from beneath! "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb line."

I want you to notice this fact, that when a man gives up the straight up-and-down religion in his own family and in his own heart, it is generally to suit his sins. You first hear of this change of religion, and then you hear of some swindle he has practiced in Colorado mining stock, telling some one if he will put in ten thousand dollars he can take out a hundred thousand, or he has sacrificed his chastity or plunged into dishonesty. His sins require a broader and broad he has to broaden his religion, and he becomes as broad as temptation, as broad as the soul's darkness, as broad as hell. They want a religion that will allow them to keep their sins, and then at death say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant," and that tells them: "All is well for them in hell." What a glorious heaven they hold before us. Come, let us go in and see it. There is Herod and all the babes he massacred. There is Charles Guiteau, and Jim Fisk, and Robespierre, the fiend of the French guillotine, and all the liars, thieves, house-burners, garroters, pick-pockets and libertines of all the centuries. There all get crowns, and harps, and thrones, and scepters, and when they chant they sing: "Thanksgiving, and honor, and glory, and power to the Broad Religion that let us all into heaven without repentance and faith in those disgraceful dogmas of ecclesiastical old-fogyism."

My text gives me a grand opportunity of saying a word to all young men who are now forming habits for a lifetime. Of what use to a stonemason or a bricklayer is a plumb line? Why not build the wall by the unaided eye and hand? Because they are insufficient, because if there be a deflection in the wall it cannot further on be corrected. Because by the law of gravitation a wall must be straight in order to be symmetrical and safe. A young man is in danger of getting a defect in his wall of character that may never be corrected. One of the best friends I ever had died of delirium tremens at 60 years of age, though he had not since 21 years of age—before which he had been dissipated—bounded higher until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in the street one hot summer day, he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of something to make him feel better.

And there was alcohol in the dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite, and he entered the first liquor store, and stayed there until he reeled out to his death. He entered his home a raving maniac, his wife and daughters fleeing from his presence, until he was taken to the city hospital to die. The combustible material of early habit had lain quietly nearly 40 years, and that one spark ignited the conflagration. Remember that the wall may be 100 feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the ground affects the entire structure. And if you live 100 years and do right the last 80 years, you may never theless do something at twenty years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves or others, I am not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundation? A man before 30 years of age may commit enough sin to last him a lifetime. A cat that kills one pigeon cannot be cured. Keep it from killing the first pigeon. Now, John, or George, or Thomas, or William, or Alexander, or Andrew, or Henry, or whatever be your Christian name or surname, say here and now: "No wild oats for me, no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday sprees for me. I am going to start right and keep on right. Help me, for I am weak." From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ, throw me a plumb line!"

Lord Nelson's general direction when going into naval battle was, no man can do wrong that places his ship close alongside that of the enemy. My friend, you will never do wrong if you keep your life close alongside the ten commandments. Do right, and you can be as brave as Marie Theresa, who rode up the Hill of Defiance and shook her sword at the four corners of the earth.

"But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." O, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun illimitable, though I never swore one oath, and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as ten years ago, with commissioner of police and a detective, and two orders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet, though I never was intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of dissoluteness, restrained only by the grace of God, without restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy. I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is man on the planet in the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful, and like the manchineel a tree whose dews are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest Christian life. The Chippewa, wanting to see God, blackens his face with charcoal, and fasts till he has a vision of what he calls God. My God I can see best when I take my hat off and let the sunshine blaze in my face, and after a reasonable breakfast. He is not a God of gloom and starvation, but of light and plentitude, and the glory of the noonday sun sun is Egyptian midnight compared to it. There they go—two brothers. The one was converted a year ago in church, one Sunday morning during prayer, or sermon, or hymn. No one knew at the time. The persons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and be my pardon and my help; save me from making the mistake that some of my comrades are making, and save me now." And quicker than a flash of God-given heaven into his soul. He is just as jolly as he used to be; is just as brilliant as he used to be. He can strike a ball or catch one as easily as before he was converted. With gun or fishing rod in this summer vacation he was just as skillful as before. The world is brighter to him than ever. He appreciates pictures, music, innocent hilarity, social life, good jokes, and has plenty of fun, first-class fun, glorious fun. But his brother is going down hill. In the morning his head aches from the champagne debauch. Everybody sees he is in rapid descent. What cares he for right, for decency, or the honor of his family name? Turned out of employment, depleted in health, cast down in spirits, the typhoid fever strikes him in the smallest room on the fourth story of a fifth rate boarding-house, cursing God, and calling for his mother, and fighting back demons from his dying pillow, which is besweated and torn to rags. He plunges out of this world with the shriek of a destroyed spirit. Alas for that kind of fun! It is remorse. It is despair. It is blackness of darkness. It is woe unending and long reverberating, and crushing as though all the mountains of all continents rolled on him in one avalanche. My soul, stand back from such fun. Young man, there is no fun in shipwrecking your character, no fun in disgracing your father's name. There is no fun in breaking your mother's heart. There is no fun in the physical pangs of the dissolute. There is no fun in the profligate's death-bed. There is no fun in an undone eternity. Paracelsus out of the ashes of a burnt rose said he could recreate the rose, but he failed in the solemn undertaking, and roseate life once burned down in sin can never again be made to blossom.

Oh, this plumb line of the everlasting right! God will throw it over all our lives to show us our moral deflections. God will throw it over all churches to show whether they are doing useful work, or are standing instances of idleness and pretense. He will throw that plumb line over all nations to demonstrate whether their laws are just or cruel, their rulers good or bad, their ambitions holy or infamous. He threw that plumb line over the Spanish monarchy of other days, and what became of her? Ask the splintered hulks of the overthrown Armada. He threw that plumb line over French Imperialism, and what was the result? Ask the ruins of the Tuileries, and the fallen columns of the Place Vendome, and the grave trenches of Sedan, and the blood of revolutions at different times rolling through the Champs Elysees. He threw that plumb line over ancient Rome, and what became of the realm of the Cæsars? Ask her war-eagles, with beak dulled and wings broken, flung helpless into the Tiber. He threw it over the Assyrian empire of a thousand years, the thrones of Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, and Shalmaneser, of twenty seven Victorias over expeditions, the cities of Phœnicia kneeling to the scepter, and all the world blanched in the presence. What became of all the grandeur? Ask the fallen palaces of Khorsabad and the corpses of her 185,000 soldiery slain by the angel of the Lord in one night, and the Assyrian sculptures of the world's museums and the bleak remains of that splendor before which nations staggered and crouched. God is now throwing that plumb line over this American republic, and it is a solemn time with this nation, and whether we keep his Sabbaths or dishonor them, whether righteousness or iniquity dominate, whether we be Christian or infidel, whether we fulfill our mission or refuse it, whether we are for God or against him, we'll decide whether we shall as a nation go on in a higher and higher career or go down in the same grave where Babylon, and Nineveh, and Thebes, and Assyria are sepulchered.

"But," you say, "if there be nothing but a plumb line, what can any of us do, for there is an old proverb which truthfully declares: 'If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.' What shall we do then, according to Isaiah, 'God shall lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet?'" Ah, here is where the gospel comes in with a Saviour's righteousness to make up for our deficits. And while I see hanging on the wall a plumb line, I see also hanging there a cross. And while the one condemns us the other saves us, if only we will hold to it. And we are now young men and women, with a more glorious liberty than a Hampden, or Sidney, or a Kosciusko ever fought for. Not out yonder, or down there, or up here, but just where you are you may get it. The invalid proprietress of a wealthy estate in Scotland visited the continent of Europe to get rid of her maladies, and she went to Baden Baden and Hamburg and other watering places, and tried those waters, and went to Hamburg and tried those waters, and instead of getting better she got worse, and in despair she said to a physician: "What shall I do?" His reply was: "Medicine can do nothing for you. You have one chance in the waters of Ben Keathly, Scotland." "Is it possible," she replied, "why those waters are on my own estate." She returned, and drank of the fountain at her own gate, and in two months completely recovered. Oh, sick and diseased, and sinning, and dying hearer, why go trudging all the world over, and seeking beyond the possible, for your discouraged spirit, while close by, and at your very feet and at the door of your heart, aye, within the very estate of our own consciousness, the healing waters of eternal life may be had, and had this very hour, this very minute, this very Sabbath? Blessed be God that ever against the plumb line that Amos saw is the cross through the emancipating power of which you and I may live and live forever!

News of the Week.

THEIR ONLY GROUNDS.

Legal Opinion on the Appeal of the Anarchists.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 31.—[Special wire.]—Assistant Attorney General Maury, when asked his opinion regarding the appeal of the Chicago anarchists to the United States Supreme court, said it was no uncommon thing for state cases to be taken to the Supreme court for writs of error, the grounds for the application being, the deprivation of a statute or a question affecting the rights or personal liberty of the subject as granted to him under the constitution.

In fact, these are the only grounds on which the case can come before the court. Section 709, Revised Statutes, in express terms, confers this power on the court. The question is, whether any Federal statute needed to be interpreted, or whether the rights of the condemned men had been violated and not fully protected as granted by the Constitution, or if the laws of Illinois, under which they had been tried, were in conflict with the Constitution.

Concerning these points, Mr. Maury confessed that he could offer no positive opinion, because the newspaper accounts didn't set forth with sufficient clearness the issues on which the appeal would be based. If the writ of error was granted it would be because it was shown that some such points as he had mentioned was reviewable.

The general management or conduct of the case couldn't be considered. As an illustration he cited a Virginia appeal, a voluminous Chancery case, where the only point involved, so far as the Supreme court was concerned, was the exterpretation of the word "fraud" in the bankruptcy act.

Mr. Maury was asked if an appeal would be granted because of Spies asserting that the state has placed his life in jeopardy, owing to its having ransacked his private drawers, and there found a copy of the famous "revenge" circular, and which figured so prominently in the trial.

Mr. Maury's answer was that the state had a right to use all the evidence it could get, and unless that evidence was procured by unconstitutional means it would not affect the case. Spies would be linked, being an action for trespass or larceny against the detective who purloined the circular, and the court might decide that co-trespass or larceny had been committed.

If a Supreme Court Justice grants a writ of error the Attorney-General of Illinois, representing the defendant in error, will submit a printed brief in support of the judgment of the State court being affirmed. There will probably be no argument before the court. The granting of the writ acts as a stay of execution, and if the anarchists succeed in getting the writ and the Supreme court affirms the validity of the sentence, they will have secured a further lease of life if nothing else.

The Dynamite Petition Receiving Support in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—[Special wire.]—The number of signatures to the petition for clemency on behalf of the anarchists reached about 8,000 yesterday, counting those that the committee of the Amnesty association had received the actual returns of. Of this number, about 5,000 were in the city and the remainder scattered through the state.

There has been no system discovered yet by the committee to circulate the petitions. At present the blanks and petitions are being sent to men prominent in labor societies.

The committee has written out another appeal, to go at the head of the petition blanks. It is more voluminous than the first one, and caters to the passions of those who, even in a petition for clemency, cannot forego expressions of abuse against the judicial procedure by which the anarchists were convicted.

This new petition was drawn up as an experiment, and will be submitted to the Amnesty association at its meeting tonight.

A member of the committee said yesterday:

As far as this expression of indignation at the verdict is concerned, I think myself that the verdict was a burning shame and an outrage. But it is entirely out of place to put anything of that sort in a petition for clemency, but I, for one, am setting aside my personal feelings in the matter entirely.

Capt. Black was expected to arrive in New York some time to-day, but his business at Ottawa prevented his departure. He is to submit the case to Gen. Pryor with a view to getting him to take the case before the Supreme court of the United States.

GOLDEN BELT KANSAS.

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world, "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the state; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. WATERMAN BOS., Lincoln, Kan.

FLYING SHELLS.

Successful and Destructive Work of Lieutenant Zalinski's Gun.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special wire.]—The United States Coast Survey schooner Silliman is no more. After years of useful service in staking out places dangerous to mariners and doing lots of other good work for the benefit of sea going people, she was blown to atoms while trying to play a role for which she was ill-fitted.

The good old vessel was cast to represent a foreign gunboat entering the harbor for the purpose of razing New York to the ground, and there are those who have so poor an opinion of our defences as to say that she might have accomplished that end had she not been anchored in the exact spot where her enemies wanted her and then incontinently deserted.

She did not make the least show of resistance but lay calmly on the placid waters of the lower bay off Bath Beach until she had been reduced to kindling wood by projectiles from Lieut. Zalinski's dynamite gun, which had been set up on Fort Lafayette, a mile and a quarter away.

After years of arduous labor and innumerable private experiments Lieut. Zalinski had brought his dynamite gun to that point of perfection that he felt safe in making a public test of its possibilities, and gladly availed himself of the opportunity to lay siege upon so small and indefensible an object as the dismantled coast survey boat.

The test had been arranged weeks ago and brought together many men of wide experience in both land and naval warfare. Secretary Whitney and a party of United States navy officers watched the experiments from the United States steamer Despatch. Major General Schofield and a portion of his staff went down to the scene of the trial on the steamer Ordnance, and representatives of the Norwegian, Spanish, French, Danish, swedish and Japanese governments, together with Charles Cramp, who is building the new dynamite gun cruiser.

Lieut. Zalinski had been preparing for the exhibition for several days. His queer shaped gun, which looks like a derrick with a telescope run along its top, was firmly planted on the ground on the south side of the little island on which Fort Lafayette is located, and had been there long enough to give the inventive warrior time enough to adjust his range pretty accurately. The appliances for compressing the air with which the dynamite projectile is hurled into space were of a temporary character, and these were said to be the causes of the long delay of 40 minutes or more between the shots that were fired.

"Bang! Swi-s-s-s-h—co chunk."

That was the sound which greeted the ears of the interested spectators at exactly 3 o'clock. It was caused by a blank cartridge, fired for the purpose of getting the range. The cone-shaped projectile fell harmlessly into the water about 500 yards ahead of the starboard quarter of the ill-fated schooner, which lay stern to the gun. Twenty minutes later a second range shot was fired, and this fell two yards closer and directly astern of the target.

The mouth of the lean looking cannon was tilted until it was at an angle of fourteen degrees.

Then it was loaded with a projectile 5½ feet long and containing 55 pounds of explosive gelatine. Six hundred pounds of compressed air forced the cartridge out of the gun with a crash like a clap of thunder, and in thirteen seconds it plunged into the water close under the starboard quarter of the doomed craft, exploding almost instantly threw an immense volume of water 150 feet into the air.

For a moment the schooner was hidden from view, but when the mist cleared away it was found that her mainmast had toppled over the side. At a distance this seemed to be all the damage that had been done, but when the wreckage revealed that all the woodends on deck had been loosened, that the cabin fittings had been pretty thoroughly shaken up and that water was running into the hold.

A few minutes after 4 o'clock a fourth shot was fired, and this left the target in a fearfully wrecked condition. The projectile fell into the water close to the starboard side of the vessel and when it exploded it seemed to lift her out of the water.

Her hull

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Rumors of negotiations to form a producers' union and restrict production has caused great activity in the oil market.

Sec. Fairchild will return to Washington from New York and resume control of the Treasury department Thursday next.

Mr. Hubbell, of the United States, is one of the vice presidents of the international red cross conference in session in Germany.

The lessee of the recently burned theater at Exeter, England, has been summoned to account for a violation of the building laws.

The President has issued a proclamation suspending discriminating duties between Cuba, Porto Rico and all other countries belonging to Spain and the United States.

Weekly Nationalist papers of Ireland will publish reports of league meetings despite the fact that under the Crimes act the editors are liable to imprisonment for so doing.

Cronzet, director of the Paris *Journal Estafette*, has been arrested, charged with having embezzled 177,500 francs belonging to an association of Republican journalists.

Clearing house tables from 37 leading American cities show increase in all but New York, 4.7; Galveston, 7.7; Indianapolis, 5.6; Hartford, 9.8; New Haven, 7.4; total, $589,358,930; outside of New York, $330,274,016.

The Spanish government organs at Madrid deny the statement that a convention between Spain and the United States to suspend discriminating duties has been signed at Washington.

Judge Hooker has sent in his decision in the celebrated Pemberton-Sibley suit, which gives the Sibley heirs, of Rochester, N. Y., from $300,000 to $500,000 worth of property, most of which is situated at Marshall, Mich.

The weekly statement of the Bank of England shows an increase in specie of £285,000; the statement of the Bank of France shows a decrease of 150,000 francs in gold, and an increase of 775,000 francs in silver.

The most intense excitement prevails in Tucson, Arizona, over the reported outbreak of the San Carlos Apache Indians. A courier arrived late yesterday notifying all settlers in the valley that two bands had left the reservation and were marching south.

Malta—Ten new cases of cholera and fifteen deaths have occurred since September 19. For the past 24 hours there have been twelve new cases and twelve deaths at Catania; Palermo, eight new cases and eight deaths; Messina, 123 new cases and 62 deaths.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended September 21, was $1,259,649. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $872,998. The shipments of fractional silver coin since September 1 amount to $938,817.

Governor Foraker has gone to Georgetown, O., to attend the reunion of his regiment, the 53d, Ohio. He arrived at noon and was met at the depot by members of the command, a band and a vast crowd of citizens. A carriage was provided for him but he declined it, marched with the veterans to the place of meeting.

The Dublin *Gazette* publishes a proclamation suppressing the leagues and all its branches in County Clare and Leitrim and Loughrea in Galway, Corkaguiney in Berry, St. Condons, Clangoffon, Dunmallow and Muskerry in Cork, and Shelbourne in Wexford. The proclamation is signed by Earl Cadogan, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Wolseley, commander of the forces in Ireland.

Reports to the Ohio State Board of Health from 56 observers, embracing 37 counties, show the following diseases to prevail for the week ending Friday morning, September 16, 1887: New cases of typhoid fever at Belle Center, Sardis, Richwood, Mifflin, DeGraff, Broadway, Ross, Perrysville, Fostoria, Laura, Hamilton, Junction City, Mt. Vernon, New Holland and West Milton; new cases of diphtheria at Spencerville, Belle Center, Milnersville, Waverly, Whetstone, Sardis, Richwood, Mifflin, DeGraff, and eighteen cases in Cincinnati; new cases of scarlet fever at Cincinnati and Milnersville.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Latest Franco-German Trouble.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, referring to the Franco-German frontier incident, says: "It is clear that the apprehensions felt in some quarters are unfounded. Should the inquiry prove that a German official has exceeded his duty, we take it for granted that Germany will not hesitate to give full satisfaction to France. The present frontier regulations must be changed if both powers want to prevent similar occurrences.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—*Le Paris* says: "Germany will have to pay heavily for the blunders fired on the Lorraine frontier. Resentment upon a conflict leading to a general war, he will have to give France full satisfaction.

"Germany never fights unless she believes herself the stronger.

"Once more she will have to make amends. It is gratifying to find the conqueror compelled twice within six months to humble himself before the conquered."

La Liberte says: "We will get ample satisfaction if it is proved we are entitled to it. Until the matter is fully sifted let us keep our temper." *La Matin's* and *Siecl's* comments are similar.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—The papers to-day commenting on the Raon-sur-Plaine incident, agree that it is less grave intrinsically than is the situation of which the occurrence is a symptom. They express themselves as not doubting but that Germany will give satisfaction.

Count Von Munster the German Embassador to Paris has expressed to M. Florens, minister for Foreign Affairs, his personal regret that the shooting should have taken place and said that Germany certainly would give satisfaction if her officials were found culpable.

O'BRIEN CONVICTED.

The Editor Sentenced to Three Months Imprisonment.

CORK, Sept. 24.—The trial of William O'Brien under the Crimes act, which was commenced at Mitchellstown, yesterday, was concluded to-day.

The accused was found guilty and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Notice of appeal from the judgment of the court was given.

At the opening of the trial to-day, Mr. Carson, counsel for the Crown, complained to the judge that Dr. Tanner, a member of Parliament, had yesterday, within the court house grounds, called him a coward, and had expressed the hope that his head might be broken.

The court made a note of the complaint.

Mr. O'Brien, replying to the charge made against him of having made use of seditious language in a public address, declared that the court was not competent to try him, because it was foreign in its composition to the requirements of the British constitution.

At this point the judge stopped Mr. O'Brien, saying the discussion of politics would not be allowed in the proceedings.

Mr. O'Brien thereupon declared that he was a citizen of Ireland, a representative of Irish people and would advocate free speech.

The court again stopped him.

Mr. O'Brien in his speech of defense, said the Crown was guilty of having suppressed evidence favorable to him. The Crown had withheld, for instance, the notes made by the head constable of the defendant's speech. In these notes, he said, was recorded his statment that the Irish party would give the land bill fair play.

Continuing, Mr. O'Brien justified his defense of the Kingstown tenants on the ground that the evictions against them were the commencement just on the eve of the passage of the land bill, and thus an attempt was made to defraud poor wretched tenants of the benefits of the measure.

He admitted that he had advised the tenants not to give up without resistance and that he had declared that, before God and man, they were justified in defending their homes.

Did O'Brien Fall?

LONDON, Sept. 24.—The Cork correspondent of the *Times* says that owing to the blunders made by Mr. O'Brien during his recent American trip, the donations to the National league from America have dwindled, and that Mr. Davitt has gone to America to try to repair the damage done by Mr. O'Brien.

He kept his departure a secret until the last moment, as he feared he would be arrested, and that his project would thus be nipped in the bud.

French Princes to Go.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—The cabinet have a second time debated the advisability of expelling the French princes from the territory of the republic. It is reported that they are divided on the question and have concluded to allow it to remain undecided until President Grevy returns to Paris. It is evident that the princes themselves expect to be expelled, for they are all busily engaged in preparing for departure.

Bulgarian Trouble.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 21.—It is officially stated that the sultan has not approved the Turkish ministerial council's proposal contained in the circular to the powers, that a general, selected by Russia and Turkey jointly, be sent to Bulgaria with power to restore order in that country, in accordance with the terms of the treaty of Berlin.

The report that Baron Blanc, the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople, had counselled the Sultan to refuse by allow Russia to occupy Bulgaria, for the reason that Austria would then occupy Salonica is ascertained to be baseless.

Mrs. Anarchist Parsons's Case.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—The postponed trial of the charge against Mrs. Parsons for violating the city ordinance prohibiting the scattering of handbills on the street took place before Justice Lyon this morning. He imposed a fine of $5, but immediately suspended it and Mrs. Parsons went away looking satisfied.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

Evidence That the Administration Will Capture the Convention and Central Committee.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—The Saratoga correspondent of the *World* says:

The probabilities are that Mr. Clevelands friends and followers will control not only the State convention but also the new State committee. Some of Mr. Cleveland's friends modestly declare that such a result will not follow and many of the anti-administration people take the same ground, but a thorough canvass sustains the assertion in the first sentence.

Everybody here, delegates, alternates, visitors and spectators all assert with vehemence that they are not administration or anti-administration men, but Democrats. The older, wiser, and more conservative heads, whose hair has turned gray in the service of Democracy, assert that there will be no friction in the convention so far as the policy or the future of the party is concerned.

It is likewise noticeable that when the friends of the administration made an allusion to the convention in this place the same carefully convey the impression that the administration itself is not concerned in it.

Yet they cannot explain away the fact that in Albany delegates were obtained by means of federal patronage; that in Utica Postmaster Bailey, when beaten in the First district, carried the war into Africa in the two remaining districts and boasted before going to defeat; that in Syracuse a strong anti-administration faction has brought a contesting delegation down here; that in Rochester Postmaster Beckenstein and Collector Martin acknowledged to carry the primaries, but were overpowered by the superior alertness of George Raines; that in almost every county of the state federal officeholders, postmasters, collectors and internal revenue gaugers, custom collectors and special agents of the treasury have by a deliberate and systematic course of procedure succeeded in arraying themselves against Democratic voters who were opposed to the federal administration.

In consequence of this brilliant work the friends and office holders of the present administration, while defeated in certain districts have succeeded in obtaining a majority of the delegates to the convention, and the convention will be controlled and managed by the administration.

The *Times* dispatch says:

There was a conference in the executive mansion at Albany, last night, which was attended by several Democrats who have more or less to do with the affairs of the party. The fact may perhaps possess no special significance though it is reported that the governor is very well apprised of the policy which will dictate the proceedings of the convention, and that he acquiesces in it. An open rupture between his friends and the friends of the administration becomes therefore one of the remotest possibilities.

DELEGATES ARRIVING.

The Gold Watches and Silk Hats of the Empire State Democracy in Profusion.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The day opened cool and foggy, but with a promise of sun and warmth later. The summer visitors have all fled, and the Democracy literally have possession of the town. There is scarcely a lady to be seen on the street. Saratoga to-day presents a marked contrast to the Saratoga of two weeks ago.

Then the crowd seemed to be more or less poverty stricken, and it was openly asserted that the outpouring to the convention was due to that fact. To-day, however, the opposite is the truth. The silk hat, the cigar, the gold watch and chain, are everywhere an evidence of money enough and, a willingness to spend it is apparent on all hands.

Two weeks ago not a single band of music was in town, except the small orchestras kept as hotel attractions. To-day there are dozens.

At 10:30 the delegations from Troy, Albany and other near-at-hand places came marching through the town with escorts and headed by splendid bands.

The convention met in Congress Hall and at 12:30 the gavel fell, and D. Cady Herrick called the convention to order and nominated Hon. George Raines temporary chairman. The motion was carried unanimously. He was received with applause and when it subsided he addressed the convention.

The allusions to Hill and Cleveland were greeted with applause. Somebody called for three cheers for Hill, but they were not given. His condemnation of the foreign proprietorship of land and an allusion to Gen. Grant were also applauded.

The chair ruled that all contests must be referred to the committee on Credentials.

The calling of the roll was then commenced and the names of the prominent men were loudly cheered as they were read.

The roll-call developed many contested seats, most of which have already been made public.

At this point a dispatch from the Associated Press was read stating that the Volunteer was ahead of the Thistle in the yacht race and was gaining every moment. It was greeted with greeted with great applause, the convention rising and giving three hearty cheers.

A resolution was offered as follows:

Resolved, That the laws of assessment and taxation should be readjusted and reformed so that all property shall share in the support of the government and relieve farming and kindred pursuits from the disproportionate burdens imposed under the present laws, and that national legislation should be so modified and amended that agriculture shall no longer be embarrassed or impeded by unwise discrimination.

The convention then took a recess till 8 o'clock this evening.

THE NEGRO UPRISINGS.

Troops on the Way to the Scene of the Battle — Ugly Rumors in Circulation About the Race War.

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 27.—Owing to the lack of facilities on the railroad leading to Brazora county, the Houston Light Guards did not get away for the seat of the negro insurrection until 9 o'clock last night and cannot reach Caney Creek before noon today.

Capt. Reichardt took twenty men with him, with a large quantity of ammunition. Another company is held in reserve here awaiting further orders from the governor.

Alarming reports which could not be traced to any reliable source were in circulation last night as to the seriousness of the conflict which took place yesterday morning between the negroes and Sheriff Hickey's posse.

Nothing positive was known here up to a late hour last night about the fight or how many were killed, but it was reported that several negroes were killed.

The counties of Matagora and Brazoria are largely populated by negroes, and many bloody race battles have been fought in both counties during the past ten years, especially during election seasons.

Caney Creek settlement, where the present trouble originated, is in the extreme southeastern corner of Matagora county, 30 miles west of Columbia, the county seat of Brazora county. There are no telegraph lines in that county, and news of the fight will be carried to Columbia by couriers.

MONEY IS EASY.

New York Comment on the Action of the Administration.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—[Special wire.]—The *Times* says:

Conservative men in financial and commercial circles applaud the action of the Treasury department in offering to buy $14,000,000 of government bonds at a fixed price. Wall street's reflection of the action appeared in a buoyant stock market, with quotations rising rapidly and noticeably.

Money lenders unbent, too, and 4 per cent. call money was offered in abundance.

Time money also became once more a possibility. One institution turned up in Wall street with $1,000,000 to lend at 6 per cent. on mixed collateral, for 90 days.

Other loans of less consequence were offered and made on about the same terms.

Mercantile houses were able to place paper on terms far more advantageous than had been possible for weeks.

The sentimental effect of the Treasury's was far-reaching. Even bears were grumblers. Political prejudices and stock market seifishness induced carping. "What I would have done if I were secretary of the Treasury," was duly explained by the Solons, whose valuable assistance in unappreciative country has somehow never been courted.

But the contingent of fault-finders was small, compared with the body of men who hailed the Treasury action as wise and timely.

MING ACROSS.

Irishmen of Note to Solicit Aid for the League.

BOSTON, Sept. 23—President Brady, of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League of Boston, has received word from Sir Thomas Henry Gratton Esmonde, M. P., and great grandson of Henry Gratton, to the effect that he would sail for America during the next two weeks. He will be accompanied by another Irish member, probably Mr. Arthur O'Connor.

Boston will be the grst city, or one of the first visited by these gentlemen.

Their object in visiting this country is to obtain assistance for the National League in Ireland.

The Lehigh Strike.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—[Special wire.] There will be, according to statements from trustworthy sources, an adjustment of the strike troubles in the Lehigh region within a week.

It is believed that a committee of employes will meet the managers and that the advance will be paid.

The companies state, in justification of their course, that not a name signed to the petition for an advance was genuine.

CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.

A Ship Load of it Headed Off by the Health Officers—Eight Deaths on the Passage.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—[Bulletin.]—The steamship Alesia, which arrived below last night from Marseilles and Naples with 600 passengers, has Asiatic cholera aboard. Eight of her passengers died on the passage and on her arrival at quarantine, the health officers found four cases aboard. He has sent the Alesia and her passengers to West Bank in the lower bay.

The Alesia left Marseilles August 30, and Naples September 3. She is consigned to James W. Elwell & Co.

On September 12 Luigi Maria, a steerage passenger, aged 23 years, was taken sick and died. On the 15th Paul Antonio Baldvaria, another steerage passenger, aged 38, was taken sick and died on the same date. Jean Lenivolin, a sailor, aged 40, died the following day, in less than 24 hours from the time he was taken down with the disease. On the 17th, Jean Somma, a sailor, aged 30, was taken sick. He died on the 19th.

Serafin DeTis, aged 21, a steerage passenger, died on the 20th. Anna Vettringed, a steerage passenger, aged 47, died on the 21st. Francisca Matteo, 41 years, was taken sick before coming on board, and died on the 22d, probably of bronchitis. Maria Antaino Valna, 59 years, was also ailing at the time of coming on board, and died on the 22d, though without any symptoms of cholera.

All the above were buried at sea.

The Alesia is now in the lower bay. Her sick passengers will be transferred to the Swinburne island hospital. All the remaining passengers will be transferred to Hoffman Island for observation.

The ship will remain in the lower bay until she has been thoroughly fumigated and cleansed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Surgeon-Gen. Hamilton, of the Marine hospital service, has received a dispatch from New York confirming the press report of the arrival there of the steamship Alesia with cholera on board.

The telegram merely announced the fact in the case, as published, without making a request for government assistance, and it is thought the quarantine authorities of New York feel confident of their ability to stamp out the disease without asking the help of the United States health officers.

Health Officer DeWolf Has a Word to Say on the Quarantined Boat.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—[Special wire.]—In speaking of the Asiatic cholera at quarantine in New York, Health Officer DeWolf said last night:

This information is very interesting to us, if read aright; but we do not need to be alarmed about any immediate danger in this country. The great danger is not from steerage passengers, but from the vessel, as well as all persons on board, will be thoroughly disinfected.

There will not be the least possibility of any cases coming this way.

Where I fear trouble, is from the following source: The summer clothing, which may be packed in the infected districts in Europe, may be sent over to this country in a shipment would have no case of cholera aboard to cause any attention to be paid to disinfecting.

They are left until spring and then opened. In a short time the whole country is alarmed with new cases of cholera, springing up without apparent cause.

In 1873 there were three cases of this kind where the clothing that had been packed in the fall in the old country was opened here. There can be no effects of this epidemic in Chicago this fall, it is too late in the season.

Cholera germs can not have any results in cold weather. Yes, I really have some fears for next spring—not particularly for this city, but the whole country at large.

BIG FIGHT EXPECTED.

Serious Trouble Brewing Between the Amalgamated Association and the Iron Manufacturers.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 23.—Trouble, promising to be of a more serious nature than has ever before arisen, is brewing between the Amalgamated association of iron and steel workers and the manufacturers. The question at issue is the manner of running the different mills controlled by the association.

The manufacturers say they have been careful to observe all agreements made, but the association has broken faith so often that the time has arrived when the manufacturers must come to an understanding among themselves, by which they can resist all demands they may consider unjust. Consultations have already been held with the object of forming a manufacturers' association on a gigantic scale.

It is proposed that hereafter each firm will not undertake to settle difficulties on the wage question individually, but will depend upon the combined strength of all the other manufacturers. Disputes will be referred to a committee of the Manufacturers' association, which will be empowered at all times to take decisive action. It is hinted that strikes will be numerous this winter, and that more than one mill will be closed down while the contending parties lock horns and fight it out.

The Amalgamated association is in a position to make a warm fight, and the members who were spoken to to-day regarding the report said that they would do all in their power to prevent a rupture of peaceful relations, but that they would stand and insist upon their rights. "Bluff," said one, "cannot scare us. We are able to hold our own."

ANOTHER RAINY DAY.

The Grand Parade of the G. A. R. Postponed Until To-morrow—Incidents of the Day.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 27.—All promises of fair weather for St. Louis to-day were founded on error and the rain dropped on the veterans as they pour out of the cars, camps and houses.

The clouds that settled over the city Sunday morning have apparently come to stay, and the disagreeable dribble, mud, and moisture-laden atmosphere have crushed out the hope of a parade to-day, and shortly after 9 o'clock Grand Marshal Gen. D. P. Grier had ports in all headquarters, and conspicuous plans, an order that the Grand Review would be postponed until Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

The tedious another day for the comrades to seek their own amusement and the various headquarters, post-halls, and camps are crowded with them.

The hotel halls and rooms are jammed with people, while in the corridors bands of music dispel the gloom. Long lines of people tramp the streets and growl at the weather.

The last of the line had scarcely retired last night, before the advance was out this morning.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

An Ante Bellum Member of Congress Talks on the Policy.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 24.—Hon. Guy M. Bryan, an *ante bellum* member of Congress from this district and a class-mate of ex-President Hayes, at Kenyon college, in a communication to the *News* this morning regarding Gen. Hayes and the manner of his election to the Presidency, makes a new and interesting statement touching the personal views of President Hayes toward the South during and following the great Presidential crisis. Col. Bryan says:

Shortly after Gov. Hayes was inaugurated President, he wrote me to come to Washington, saying, "You can help me." I was his guest during the adjustment of the troubles in Louisiana and South Carolina. He confided and trusted me. He told me then what his difficulties were; that they were inherited from his predecessor. He said: "It is not my place but that of the legislature of each state, to determine in questions which circumstances bring here to me for my action."

"I am determined that the legislature shall not be trammeled by military, for the troops shall be removed as soon as I am informed the legislature is organized."

Commenting upon these resolutions of the President, Col. Bryan says: "At this day one can scarcely realize or appreciate the courage and patriotism that was required to entertain, to avow, and act upon such opinions that would restore power, not only to the people of Louisiana and South Carolina, but to the whole South."

His acts were hailed by Southern people with enthusiasm as a dawn of a new era in reconstruction, and had Southern Congressmen met him half way, he would have been enabled to carry out a policy that would have done much good to help protect the suffering South.

That he failed to accomplish as much as he intended for the South is attributed to hostility in his own party, and want of confidence on the part of Southern leaders in him.

M'PHERSON IS TIRED.

He Wishes Never to Hold Another Political Office.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, is out in a letter to define his position in the senatorial struggle now opening in that state. He says:

I desire to say that, if to be a candidate, means that I will engage in a scramble for the position of United States Senator, then I must not be considered a candidate. I am grateful to the people of New Jersey who have honored me in the past, and the question of my rendering further political service must be determined by them.

Yet, I do not hesitate to say that I am heartily tired of politics, and especially of its modern methods, and I wish never to hold another political office.

A WARLIKE MOVEMENT.

England Sending a Force to Venezuela to Compel Respect—The United States Interestedto a Degree.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—The sailing of the English man-of-war Pylades, from Trinidad to Laguayra, to demand indemnity from the government of Venezuela for the detention of the schooners Josephine and Henriette, would seem to point to an active policy on the part of Great Britain in her dispute with the South American Republic.

Senor DeSilva, the consul general of Venezuela in this city, said:

The two schooners mentioned have been detained for non-compliance with the customs regulations, and they were seized just as was said that did not comply with the regulations of this government might have been taken. In my opinion it is only an attempt of the Tory ministry in England to imitate Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian war. They have got themselves into much trouble in Ireland that they hope to cover it up by a vigorous policy in Venezuela.

But what we look for is the interference of the United States.

The question has been before your state department for some time now, and it is really a serious one.

The territory which England has assumed control of is larger than British Guinea, and it is the territory which Lord Granville has acknowledged belonged to Venezuela. They have taken possession of the island of Barima, which is at the mouth of the Orinoco, and they permit the entrance of goods from English colonies free of duty.

They leavy taxes upon the people and act in all matters as the rulers of the country.

The final settlement in this matter is the control of the Orinoco river.

Its control means an enormous influence upon the South American republics, and an influence such as the United States should have cause to dislike exceedingly.

As far as war goes, the English could, of course, blockade the Venezuelan ports if the United States would allow them to do so.

If they attempted to invade the country it is probable that their troops would die off like sheep, in the fevers of the coast.

However, before matters got to that point, I suppose the United States would interfere.

A NAVAL RESERVE.

A Move to Help Uncle Sam Make a Respectable Showing.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—About fifty prominent steamship owners, yachtmen, merchants and ex-marine revenue officers yesterday held a meeting in the United States Circuit court room here and discussed the advisability of establishing a naval reserve.

Elbridge T Gerry, commodore of the New York Yacht club, was made chairman. The object of the meeting was stated to be a consideration of the organization of a naval reserve, which in the time of war would be an auxiliary navy, just as the militia is auxiliary to the regular army.

The reserve navy of England was cited, with its 25,000 men, and the like precautions of Canada was referred to.

The steam yachts of the New York Yacht club—some of which developed from 14 to 18½ knots an hour—would make the finest torpedo boats in the world. G. W. Miller, manager of the Stonington line, offered a series of resolutions approving the establishment by Congress at its next session, of a naval reserve, to consist of officers and men from the mercantile marine, yachtsmen, and of water men generally; and of vessels to be built with reference to use in time of war, as auxiliary to the regular navy—such reserve to be established on the great lakes as well as the seaboard.

The secretary of the Navy is to be consulted by a committee of ten as to the furtherance of the project.

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

They Denounce the Rebel Flag Order and the Rebel Appointments.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24 —At the afternoon session of Union ex-Prisoners of War Geo. W. H. Powell of Belleville, Ill., was elected president; A. T. Diestrich, of New York, first vice-president. The executive committee, besides the president, are: John McElroy, S. T. H. McKee, W. D. Lucas, Des Moines; Ivory H. Pike, Bloomington, Ill.; Cyrus Mc Mullen elected chaplain and Frank E. Moran historian. The following resolution was adopted:

We consider that rebel flags captured during the war of the Rebellion should be held sacred by the national government, that future generations may know of the gallant deeds of thousands of Union soldiers that lost their lives in defense of the Union; and that the President of the United States should comply with the law by displaying them in some public place.

Indianapolis was chosen as the next place of meeting.

It was resolved:

That we view with sorrow and painful regret the appointment of ex-rebels to adjudicate examine and pass upon the merits of applications of Union soldiers for needed and just relief through pensions.

INDIANA "WHITE CAPS."

They Continue to be the Terrors of the Idle and Lazy Hoosiers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 26.—The "White Caps" still exist in the counties of Harrison, Crawford, Orange, Martin and Lawrence. Within the last week at least a half dozen whippings have taken place. Wilkes Trotter, who lives in Marengo county, was badly whipped a few nights ago. Subsequently he went home drunk. On reaching his house he was met by a body of masked men who pinioned him to a tree and administered a second beating, after which the leader of the mob handed him a note which reads as follows:

Unless you go to work at wunce and give your poore wife the money you earn, and cese beating her, we will make you another visit.

Jerry Balden, of Orange county, was very roughly handled. He had been neglecting to supply wood for his wife. He was hitched between the shafts on an express wagon and driven by the "regulators" to a thicket, and while the regulators chopped the wood and loaded it into the wagon, Balden was obliged to haul it to the woodshed. While one of the "caps" did the driving, another applied the whip and poor Balden was kept hard at it all night.

COAL $10 A TON.

Corn Cobs to Again be Used as Fuel This Winter.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—The coal dealers declare that there is a very scant supply of anthracite coal, not only in Chicago, but throughout the West. They predict that coal will be worth $9 or $10 per ton in Chicago before snow flies, and that the western country will have to depend upon corn cobs for fuel this winter. Said a prominent Chicago dealer:

The situation is simply abominable. You cannot use terms strong enough to describe it, and, what is more to be regretted, it is daily becoming worse and worse. It is very unfair, however, for the papers to say that the Chicago dealers are in any way to blame for the present condition of affairs, which is equally obnoxious to them as to the consumers. The coal ring is in Pennsylvania and New York, and not in Chicago, and their representatives here are simply salaried agents, who can do nothing but their bidding.

Did nothing come out of the step taken by the attorney general of Pennsylvania last year to break up the combination?

Nothing, except that they went over into New York and made the combination harder and tighter. There is no combination this year, nominally. Last year they admitted combination, while the arrangements are as perfect as ever and are carried out from month to month. They are slowly but surely tightening and sharper and have greater grasping power than ever before. The retailer and consumer have no remedy. Whatever the shippers order has got to be done. Can bring you ten proofs to one that the shippers are solely and entirely responsible for the present condition of the market and present prices.

Other dealers indorsed the foregoing remarks emphatically.

NO COAL FAMINE.

The Philadelphia Coal Ring Pronounce the Stories of the Chicago Ring False.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 26.—Prominent officials of the Anthracite Coal company in this city declare that they did not control the retail price of anthracite coal in Chicago, and that the recent advance there of the retail price based upon the prospect of anthracite famine in that city was without foundation. Should the output which is taken west by lake be withdrawn by the middle of November by the closing of navigation, there would be ample suppliessent by rail to meet all needs.

The latest anthracite figures to be obtained upon Western shipments of anthracite show large increases in all shipments have increased. The shipments during the years 1882 and 1886 were contrasted to-day by a large coal shipper. In 1882 shipments by rail were 1,833,500 tons, and in 1886 they were 2,400,000 tons. The several anthracite carriers by which the last six months have put trains upon their roads for the West to transport anthracite coal, and as by special arrangement the cars which go out freighted with anthracite coal are to be insured return cargoes there is no danger of the regular shipments of anthracite westward being restricted. There is also every probability that the statistics of shipments for the year will show a large increase over the shipments of the year 1886.

Increase in Immigrants.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The bureau of statistics reports that for the eight months of the current year to September 1, the number of immigrants landed in this country was 362,839, against 254,679 during the corresponding period of last year.

A MEXICAN DUEL.

Two Prominent Military Men Settle Their Differences in the Field of Honor.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 20.—Military and political circles are greatly excited to-day over the result of a duel which took place at 8 o'clock yesterday morning in one of the barracks in this city. The principals were Gen. Rocha and Antonia Gayon, who is chief of one of the bureaus of the War department.

The trouble grew out of the controversy over the question of the conduct of Lopez at Queretaro and his relations to Emperor Maximilian. Some time ago Senor Gayon, who was one of the officers in the imperial army under Maximilian, wrote a letter which was published in the papers, denouncing Lopez as a traitor and asserting that his conduct was well understood among the officers of Maximilian's army. Gen. Rocha replied in the newspaper *El Combate*, saying that those men were traitors to their chief and others to their country, but that did not prevent their taking office under the new regime.

Senor Gayon, who is asknowledged to be a brave man, challenged General Rocha, naming as his seconds General Prediliga, governor of the Palace, and Senor Antonio Fernandez, a celebrated lawyer. General Rocha chose as seconds General Waranjo and Colonel Omano. At the first fire Senor Gayon fell, pierced in the right breast by a bullet.

He soon rallied and inquired if the duel could not proceed, when his seconds and surgeons replied that it could not. The afternoon Senor Gayon was in a critical condition and is reported to be dying. He is 58 or 60 years old, and General Rocha is about ten years his junior. The wounded man has a grown up family.

Gen. Rocha was a conspicuous figure in the war against the empire. His taking of Tampico by tactics similar to those adopted by Gen. Grant in the Wilderness, and his victory at La Bufa, near the city of Zacatecas, made him famous. He is known as the "tiger," his courage and disposition to take great risks in warfare suggesting that title.

His newspaper, *El Combate*, is one of the most aggressive papers published here.

It is believed that this duel is only the beginning of a series almost certain to grow out of the feud between the partisans of the late empire and the leading liberal chiefs.

It was rumored to-day that the President had prevented a duel coming off between Gen. Rocha and Gen. Arce, Governor of the State of Guerrero, growing out of the same matter.

LATER.—A duel has been arranged to come off on Wednesday between Gen. Naranjo and Gen. Pradilla, seconds in today's duel. Their quarrel grew out of some remarks made when their principals met this morning.

Indiana Miners.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 27.—In Washington, Montgomery, Cannelsburg and parts near Evansville it is estimated that 2,000 miners are idle over the refusal of operators to grant a pay day every two weeks and the advance rates to the federation scale.

Trouble is feared November 1 over a five cent advance promised on conditions which the miners have failed to meet.

THE SOCIALIST CONVENTION.

Its Deliberation Need Close Attention from American Citizens.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—The newspapers here consider the most important result of the recent Socialist convention at Buffalo was the amalgamation of Internationalists and Socialists. The Chicago Reds are jubilant and predict that great work will be accomplished in the next two years.

A local Socialist leader is reported to-day as making the following statement regarding the situation: "The Internationals, under the leadership of Burnette S. Haskell, of Denver, formerly of San Francisco, have for years steadily opposed all the work and methods of the Socialist Labor party. They held that the only method by which the present social system could be overthrown was by force.

"The coming revolution was all that they thought about, and their work consisted wholly in making preparations for that great event.

"Their greatest strength is on the Pacific coast and in Denver, and it is a peculiar fact that they are Americans, almost to a man.

"The Socialist-Labor party is organized for the purpose of bringing about socialism, but by different methods from those advocated by Haskell and his followers.

"Our plan is education and political action, both of which have until recently been sneered at by the Revolutionists as child's play and milk-and-water policy.

"They have changed their opinions of late, however, and are now about to join the Socialist Labor party in a body and abandon the former organization. Our headquarters have been located in New York city.

"The first thing that will be done will be to establish a first class English daily paper in every large city.

"These papers will form a press association of their own. Our plan of campaign from now on will be education. The money that has been spent in the past on politics, will after this be devoted to socialistic literature. We shall flood the country with books and pamphlets.

"Socialism evil be proclaimed openly and above board and not disguised under the name of the Progressive Labor party, United Labor party and similar designations. A congress will be held every two years, until our congress shall supersede the one that now meets in Washington.

"All talk of revolution will be stopped. The majority of us recognize the fact that revolutions cannot be made to order, but are of spontaneous growth."

INDIANA MINERS.

They Are Still Out, but Arbitration May Solve the Trouble.

VINCENNES, Ind., Sept. 24.—[Special wire.]—The coal miners throughout this section are still out on a strike; 500 miners in Washington are out at Cabell & Coes mines; 200 at Montgomery, at the Union mines; about 100 at Rogers mines, in Pike county; about 100 at Biedermeier's mines, in Pike county, and 700 or 800 in the mines around Evansville.

The Washington miners demand 60 cents per ton for miners and $1.55 per day for day hands.

The miners below the Ohio & Mississippi railroad are all out on strike. Their especial demand is that the mines south of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad to be operated on the same scales as the mines north of this point—that is, the scale fixed by the Miners' and Owners' federation. The companies have all refused the demand, and the miners hold meetings each day and are determined to hold out. Arbitration, however, may solve the problem in a few days.

The miners in the Evansville region demand an increase of 12½ cents per ton. The price paid them formerly was 77½c. Biedermeier's men got their demand, but the refuse to go to work until the district troubles are settled. The miners also demand pay every two weeks.

SELLING THEIR BONDS.

The Government Officials Well Pleased with the Offers Made.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Treasury officials note with satisfaction the reception by the financial world of yesterday's circular. It is especially gratifying to them to learn that the public is willing to part with 4 per cent. bonds at the price offered by the department.

Before noon, to-day, Acting Secretary Thompson received offers to sell bonds—a majority of them 2 per cents—to the amount of a million dollars.

In addition to this, offers made by local banks on their own account and acting as agents for out of town firms, have been received at the public moneys division of the department, to an amount not at present ascertainable.

Altogether the outlook is regarded at the department as much brighter, and the belief is freely expressed that the danger of a money panic has been averted, at least for the present, by the last action of Secretary Thompson.

Other encouraging features, they say, are found in the daily statements of government receipts and expenditures. They show that since the middle of the month about $2,500,000 have been disbursed on account of pensions.

GOULD GOSSIP.

Perhaps He Will Retire From Wall Street—His Trip Abroad.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—[Special wire.]—The *Sun* this morning says:

Wall street is strongly of the opinion that Mr. Jay Gould is going to furnish conclusive evidence of his retirement from the stock market before going abroad for the winter.

He is certainly making extensive preparations for a trip to Europe, and the best information obtainable is that he will remain abroad all winter; see six months or so. The Atalanta is being put in shape for a sea voyage, but Mr. Gould will not go over in her, but will send her in advance and take passage in one of the regular steamships probably about October 15.

It is understood that he will do the Southern coast of Europe in his yacht and cruise about generally in her.

Mr. Gould was non-committal, when asked about the proposed foreign trip yesserday; indeed, he was non-committal upon all the subjects referred to above except the stock market, relating to which he remarked that stocks looked closed.

He has confided to a few of his friend that he has bought a few of them but here his information stops.

LELAND STANFORD.

The Monument He is Building to Perpetuate His Name.

TACOMA, W. T., Sept. 24.—[Special wire.]—Senator Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, second vice president of the Southern Pacific, Manager A. N. Towne and Mrs. Stanford, left Tacoma this morning for Portland. In an interview with a Tacoma *Ledger* reporter, Senator Stanford, relative to the coming university, said:

It will be built with a sole regard to the poor; no rich man's son or daughter will want to come there. The houses for the comfort and convenience of my guests will be plain but substantial, and due regard will be had to every want of the people, but nothing ornate or grand will be allowed.

This institution will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome, it will not be built for the rich. Senator Stanford also said that he was in favor of naming Washington Territory "Tacoma" when it was admitted in the Union as a state.

KILLED BY A SHELL.

Three Children Die aHorrible Death in Sight of Their Father.

QUEBEC, Sept. 26.—Four children of Pierre Gobeut, a farmer of St. Pierre, a parish on the isle of Orleans, below Quebec, were playing on the beach close to their father's property, Saturday, when they found a bomb which had been fired from the artillery range on the island at Thursday's practice, and which had failed to explode.

They took out the fuse, or plug, and dropped in a burning match. The shell instantly exploded, the fragments tearing the children frightfully.

Three were instantly killed and the fourth cannot survive. The dead are aged 8, 10 and 12 years respectfully. The father was landing at the beach from a canoe at the instant of the explosion and pieces of the shell fell